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FEBRUARY / 50 CENTS

# Topper



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**TOPPER COVERS  
THE MONTEREY  
JAZZ FESTIVAL**

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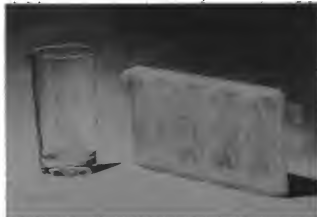
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What is jazz?

That's a question quite frequently thrown at music writers during cocktail parties, bull sessions and just plain head-to-head conversation. If the writer is hip, he'll gauge his answer according to the source of the question.

For instance, if the question is asked in that "I-really-know-but-I'm-only-asking-because-you're-supposed-to-be-an-authority-and-I-want-to-see-how-little-you-know" tone of voice, the writer who has been burned by this type of twerp before will manage to change the conversation and avoid the question. Nothing he could say will satisfy that sort of inquisitor.

Then there's the query put in a quarrelsome manner by a person you know is going to contradict whatever you say, one who neither knows nor cares about jazz, but is looking for something to argue about and who knows that jazz is about as good a topic as you can find to stir up a spirited debate. Him you should also avoid as you would a record of Elvis Presley singing "Pagliacci."

But when the question comes from someone whom you are convinced genuinely wants to know—that's when the real problem occurs. For there is no simple answer.

Let's take an actual case. En route to a recent jazz concert, my friend Murray put it to me cold. Just like that. "Say, just what exactly is jazz?" he asked.

I knew he wasn't putting me on. Murray is a non-musician, a hi-fi owner who knows what he likes, likes music but doesn't know music. And since I am supposed to have a knowledge of that sort of thing, he wanted me to explain.

My first thought was that it would be difficult to answer without going into a long dissertation on racial and ethnic questions, and then delve into the technicalities of musical construction. After all, I have heard so-called jazz experts expound for hours and discourse for pages without coming up with an understandable explanation in layman's language.

But that wasn't what he wanted. So I came up with an answer for him. I made up a definition—and found it satisfied my own questions:

"Jazz results from individual interpretation, singly or by group, of a

## TOPPER TURNTABLE

BY MARK ELLIOTT

tune within the framework of the melody."

That seemed to satisfy him, and, the more I think about it, comes pretty close to summing it up in the simplest possible terms. But his next question threw me.

"How," he wanted to know, "do I know jazz when I hear it?"

How, indeed. A very good question. Apart from the obvious free-swinging jam sessions, how does a listener tell in, say a slow blues passage, whether the music being played is an individual interpretation, or merely repetition of somebody else's interpretation? Like the composer's, for instance?

I don't blame him for being confused. When he hears meticulously and intricately written classical chamber music being played by a combo with a name like the Contemporary Jazz Quintet (or some such), how's he supposed to tell where longhair quits and jazz picks up? Or when he hears the Joe Blow Trio at a cocktail lounge and can't help noticing that each man scrupulously follows each note as written? Or when he attends a concert and hears monotonous bar after monotonous bar of mathematical rhythms as sterile, frigid and precise as a numerical equation?

How does one know when he is truly hearing jazz without having to take someone else's word for it?

I just kinda feel it.

If it don't feel, it ain't jazz.



## NEW ALBUMS IN REVIEW:

### POP

There will be some Latin music purists who claim that even *The Best of Cugat* is neither authentic, entertaining nor memorable. But whether or not you dig these tunes long associated with Xavier, you must admit that his Abbe Lane makes the album the month's best buy—for the cover pictures alone (Mercury)...

Kermi Schaffer has edited the best and funniest bits from his previous best-selling *Pardon My Bloopers* albums and re-recorded them here before a live audience into a hilarious *Blooperama*. As you remember, these were all actual muffs and fluffs committed on radio and TV...

*Songs of Vice and Virtue* has folk singer Julie Meredith doing a program that takes a light, saucy approach to morals and moralizing (Imperial)...

You won't ever hear much better down home, soul blues than Brownie McGhee (guitar and vocals) and Sonny Terry (harmonica and vocals) on *Blues In My Soul* (Prestige)...

Los Angeles disc jockey Dick Whittinghill ran afoul of the blue noses and had to discontinue his daily feature on the adventures of *Helen Trimp*. A *Lotta Woman*, which spoofed soap operas amid much funny, clever, but often double entendre dialogue. Here he narrates the best of the verboten episodes (Republic).

### JAZZ

There isn't much that has to be said for *Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington* recording together for the first time. Here Duke sits in with Louis' current group of Trummy Young, Danny Barcelona, Mort Herbert and the venerable Barney Bigard to do Ellingtonia. A MUST for any jazz buff (Roulette).

By now the score of *West Side Story* is becoming quite familiar. Stan Kenton's instrumental version of the Leonard Bernstein music is interesting (Capitol).

Maynard Ferguson has gathered the best of the themes he wrote for the Straightaway TV show and cut them here with his band. Of course, they're all based on auto racing for *Straightaway Jazz Themes* (Roulette). **M**

If there is something that the American public has cause to worry about beside Strontium 90, Russian moonshots and planned obsolescence, one would venture it is their loss of a national sense of humor. And if it is not a loss, it is a denial—which is many times sadder.

There is a sensitivity prevalent in our contemporary America, and it is a foul and dangerous thing. It is a sickness that feeds upon itself and breeds in a thousand odious ways. It is the sickness of the organized minority.

These various groups, whether religious, business or racial, take it as a personal slander if they are mentioned or presented in any but the most hallowed terms. It is useless to argue with them that minorities are never depicted; people are, individuals are. Negroes, we are told, were offended by *Amos 'n' Andy*; the armed services were embarrassed by the monkey-shines of Sgt. Bilko in *You'll Never Get Rich*. Some Negroes, it is true, felt obliged to complain about the characterization of the Kingfish, just as official army policy was naturally opposed to Ernie Bilko and his touting activities—but such pumpkin-headed views are to be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt.

Possibly the best gag squelch along these lines was offered by comic Jack Douglas, who agreed that *The Untouchables* was a blatant insult to all the good Italian-Americans—and suggested that in retaliation, all the gangsters change their names.

Humor is an American heritage—and we have long prided ourselves on our ability and predilection for laughing at our own foibles. It is a heritage handed down to us by the Leacocks and Lardners, by Bob Benchley and Mark Twain. But some people won't have any of it. And they're out with a bloody vengeance to make certain that the rest of us won't have any of it either.

And a quick glance at the TV logs will bear out just how successful they have been in their miserable mission: emasculating the comedy of our country. Each week our TV screens bring in a rodeo of cowhands and a cluster of crooners, but where are the clowns and satirists? Where are the Henry Morgans and Fred Allens? How long must TV comedy be of the talking horse, animated duck variety?

Where are the sponsors willing to back a Sid Caesar or a Johnny Winters or a Bob and Ray? Just possibly they've been scared off by the organized letter-writing bubbleheads of America.

At one time, comedy was judged on its ability to amuse, to bring joy and provoke laughter; that is no more.

Laughing has become, like the swallowing of goldfish and the Castle Walk, gauche and outdated. Today, nothing is so immediately suspect as a joke. It is subversive; it is a plot to undermine national morale; it is an unholy terror. Or so these letter-writing nuisances would have us all believe.

It is difficult to recognize why we allow these blindly groping nerve ends to dictate what we shall or shall not be allowed to view on the tube. It is even more difficult to understand why a blood-and-bones, muscle-and-guts nation of 185,000,000 permits a sniveling, weasel-minded minority to rule by the bedamned power of the threatening letter.

# TOPPER TOPICS

## BOOKS

"I SHOULD HAVE KISSED HER MORE" BY ALEXANDER KING (SIMON AND SCHUSTER: \$4.50).

The fey 62-year-old chronicler of *May This House Be Safe From Tigers and Mine Enemy Grows Older* has done it again. His latest work, a 349 page collection of autobiographical anecdotes, is a delightful princely flourish, *Kissed Her More* is a feast fit for a King-fan.

Because in his own words, "my closest friendships on this earth have always been with women," four-times-married King devotes most of his latest book to the various witches and wenches who have made the time of his life such a lively time.

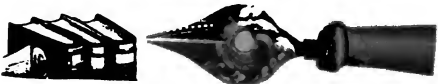
With a loving eye and a candid pen, he recalls the Greenwich Village artist's model who refused to pose in profile because she had a tail; the prostitute with whom he exchanged platonic correspondence while they both served time for dope addiction in Lexington; the heiress who discarded a wardrobe a day; the nymphomaniac who used her bed as a launching pad into the realm of the fine arts; the sexy matron who wore her hair in charming little bangs to hide the ravages which syphilis had wrought upon her forehead.

These are a few of the ladies whom King remembers with love and tender laughter. At his best, he is slyly wise: "I've never in my life had any sexual dealings with prostitutes, and this is not because of any moral grounds—but exclusively on aesthetic grounds."

This aesthetically inclined Casanova, who has given sexual counsel to a Sicilian-bred gangster and instructed an estranged husband how to win back the woman with whom they were both in love, is at his wriest in *Kissed Her More*.

Being as it is, dedicated to one woman—but devoted to many—strangely enough, the *Her* of the title alludes not to a female; it is Destiny that King regrets he may have neglected along the wonderful way.

Those who know the author only through his frequent appearances on the Jack Paar show should be delighted to know that master raconteur King writes as he speaks, with tongue often in cheek—but never in check.



At one time in the not too distant past, every other movie Hollywood turned loose seemed to be a musical. But in the last several years, mostly because musicals are not particularly popular on the now-all-important foreign market, Hollywood has concentrated on the "talky" and the "screamy" to the neglect of the "singy."

Whereas in the past, the musicals all had stock plots (getting June Allyson and Van Johnson into show business over her parents' objections), and even stockier scenes (Ann Miller tap dancing on the docks welcoming in the fleet)—now the only musicals filmed are those plot-strong productions which have already made it big on Broadway, (*The Music Man*, *Flower Drum Song*, *Fanny, My Fair Lady*, *Gypsy*).

The latest convert from the stage to celluloid is the Arthur Laurents - Leonard Bernstein - Jerome Robbins - Stephen Sondheim near-classic *West Side Story*. It hasn't made the transition wholly unscathed. But even slightly scathed, it stands head and shoulders above any movie musical since 1954's *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*.

The theme of the film is Romeo and Juliet in the New York slums. Maria (Natalie Wood) is a Puerto Rican; her beloved Tony (Richard Beymer) is a gringo: Star-crossed rum and coca-cola, as it were, denied the opportunity to mix in peace. The Capulets and the Montagues have been converted into the Sharks and the Jets, two opposing rat packs—the one Puerto Rican, the other not.

But before the tragedy has run its classic course, some of the loveliest ballads ("Maria," "Tonight") have been sung, and choreographer Jerome Robbins has fagged his cat-like j.d.'s into, time and again, breaking the law of gravity.

Among cast members, Natalie Wood, as the martyred Maria; Rita Moreno, as the tragic Anita; and Russ Tamblyn and George Chakiris, as the opposing gang leaders, come across wonderfully well. In fact, the only real casting deficiency is the ever-smirking Richard Beymer (pronounced: beamer). He doesn't seem so much star-crossed as storm-tossed. He is gawky, mawkish and wholly unconvincing. He is particularly inept and soppy when contrasted to such a consumingly virile personality as new-comer Chakiris.

Writer Ernest (*Sweet Smell of Success*) Lehman has done a brilliant job of bringing the Arthur Laurents drama to the panavision screen. It is only regrettable that Robert (*I Want to Live*) Wise has gone slightly overboard with lighting and set effects—using them much of the time apparently with neither a dramatic nor an aesthetic end in mind. For when the effects were motivated, they were terrifically exciting—as was the case with the opening scene, when wishing to establish the setting (Manhattan), Wise reversed the stock shot and, instead of panning his cameras up the side of a skyscraper, he set them in a helicopter and shot straight down into the man-made pits and chasms of the island.

*West Side Story* is stylized—perhaps too much so, to be totally effective as either a musical or as a drama. But, taking it as it is, a film born from the amalgamation of fine talents, it is an inspired and beautiful production. It has quality, charm and wit—and will disappoint only those who still pine for Ann Miller and her twinkly toes.

## DISCS

RACHMANINOFF: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3 (MERCURY: MONO—\$4.98)

In 1909, the Russian composer, Sergei Rachmaninoff, visited the United States for the first time. On that occasion he composed his *Third Piano Concerto*, and its reception by the American audience was unequivocally enthusiastic.

The work is every bit a late 19th century Romantic descendant—which is a complex of thought and feeling that blossomed in Russia. Like every composer that has written music in Russia, the flavor of Rachmaninoff's music is distinctly that of Tchaikovsky and employs sweet melodies and grand cadenzas.

This concerto is not as popular as the *Second Piano Concerto* (the one that has been reduced to the ruins of a popular song), perhaps because of its difficulties in performing and exceedingly complex rhythmic patterns. But for sheer enjoyment, it must leave the listener in awe of its brilliantly conceived pianistic devices, which Byron Janis, on this recording, performs with great drive and energy. And Antal Dorati leads the London Symphony with a true sense of the task.

This is the first Mercury album to be recorded on 35MM film, and the results are grand and glowing. There is reduced surface noise (a distinct advantage for stereo collectors) and the resultant music is reproduced with sonic integrity—a thoroughly satisfying recording.



CHABRIER: ESPANA, SUITE PASTORALE, FETE POLONAISE, OVERTURE TO "GWENDOLINE," DANSE SLAVE (MERCURY; MONO—\$4.98)

Emmanuel Chabrier's career as a composer began when he was almost forty, although he began to study music at the age of six. With typical caution and prudence he undertook the humdrum job of clerk with the Ministry of Interior, resigning from it after an inspiring trip to Bayreuth. Although he lived only fourteen more years and succumbed to a mental illness within ten, Chabrier composed music "lively as finches, tuneful as nightingales."

His *Espana* is his most famous work (Perry Como recorded the unlikely *Hot-Diggity Dog*, a direct mutation from the Chabrier original) and the remaining selections, performed by Paul Paray, are lesser known products of the Parisian composer.

To listen to the entire album at one sitting is not the best way to absorb this music. After a while it becomes monotonous and does not particularly arrest the attention. Chabrier was not a great composer, he hardly probed beneath the surface; but, taken with a grain of salt (and a fine performance by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra), he *can* be entertaining. M

# CURTAIN TIME

If the current issue, the first TOPPER of 1962, is any harbinger of things to come—then you, gentle reader, have much in store for you in the way of entertainment for the next 12 months! Consider, for instance, our lead fiction piece in this issue. Nothing could give us greater pleasure, mixed with justifiable pride, than to mention the name of its author—Ernest Hemingway! Our research department is to be complimented on unearthing this brief but pungent masterpiece by one of the greatest writers of the age—authored when "Papa" was a mere beardless youth and employed by the *Toronto Star*. Even the subject matter—soldiers seeking Yuletide solace—is in keeping with the season, which makes the whole thing a happy coincidence and another feather in TOPPER'S chapeau.

Larry Tritten, who has appeared in these pages once before, contributes another twister in a piece entitled *Turnabout*; while rounding out our fiction offerings for the issue we present a deeply moving story by a writer first introduced to the American men's magazine market by TOPPER—Brooks Burlingame, from whom you can expect more fine things in the future.

Humor, always TOPPER'S special milieu, is well represented this time in many different areas of creativity. Take, for instance, the delightful spoof on life, love and the theater by Louis Nye, that rare comedian of the many faces and the multitudinous talents. Put Louis in front of a camera—this time Jim Sullivan's perennially observant shutter—and you're going to come up with some hilarious characterizations! Lovers of Nye-isms will not be disappointed with the results on pages 29-33. Remember our version of the Annual Christmas Office Party last month? Well, this time we've tackled another hoary institution—the time-honored business of surveys.

(However, we do not recommend the procedure that you'll find on pages 63-66.) Any coincidence is purely intentional! Finally, in the realm of satire, our own Burt Prelutsky comes through again with a hilarious spoof entitled

*The Unemployed Iconoclast*—which should not go unrecognized.

For those interested in meatier fare, we commend you to associate editor Lanny Sher's thought-provoking picture-essay on the future of the American Stage, which deals with the new trend towards experimental theater on college campuses throughout the country.

Francois Pasqualini, our Paris correspondent, has contributed a timely article on the new look—or perhaps now we should say, the old look—in French motion pictures. Pasqualini knows whereof he writes—you Novelle Vague fans will find much to enjoy in his piece. Finally, still in the Parisian vein—but this time on a much earthier plane—Colin Ross delves into that oft-maligned, but little-understood facet of French "literature"—the pornography merchants, and how they produce their nefarious efforts.

Our music experts, Bill and Shirley Graham, have done us a timely pictorial and written coverage of the Fourth Annual Monterey Jazz Festival, an institution which is now recognized as the leading jazz function of its kind in America. Jazz buffs will have much to delight their eye in this picture-essay.

Finally—the piece de resistance... *les girls*, of course! From enchanting cover girl Barbette Martel (photographed in seasonal environment by Ray Borders), to the incomparable Mario Casili's picturization of an incomparable American fille—Doris Kay—this issue of TOPPER sparkles with the loveliest and liveliest of fair females. In addition to this vital contribution to TOPPER'S figure worship, photog Bill New shows off a sultry temptress to perfection in his rare coverage of Joan Lang, whose titian tresses make a striking contrast to Miss Kay's blonde beauty. Then, for good measure, Ivan Nagy—a transplanted Hungarian who now makes the Hollywood scene his favorite haunt—has done us immeasurable service in this department with charming Lissi Dean, a former Miss Denmark, whose claim to fame cannot be denied.

What better way to start off the New Year than with such an array of TOPPER pulchritude!



the young man's magazine

# TOPPER

FEBRUARY, 1962

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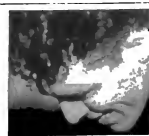
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WHAT SORT OF  
MAN READS  
OUR MAGAZINE?



(EDITOR'S NOTE: TOPPER has pledged itself to publishing exciting new authors; thus it is with a feeling of great pride that we present for the first time in any magazine, one of the earliest works by the greatest writer of our time. Uncovered after 40 years, it was originally written by Hemingway for the Toronto Star's December 22, 1923 newspaper supplement.)

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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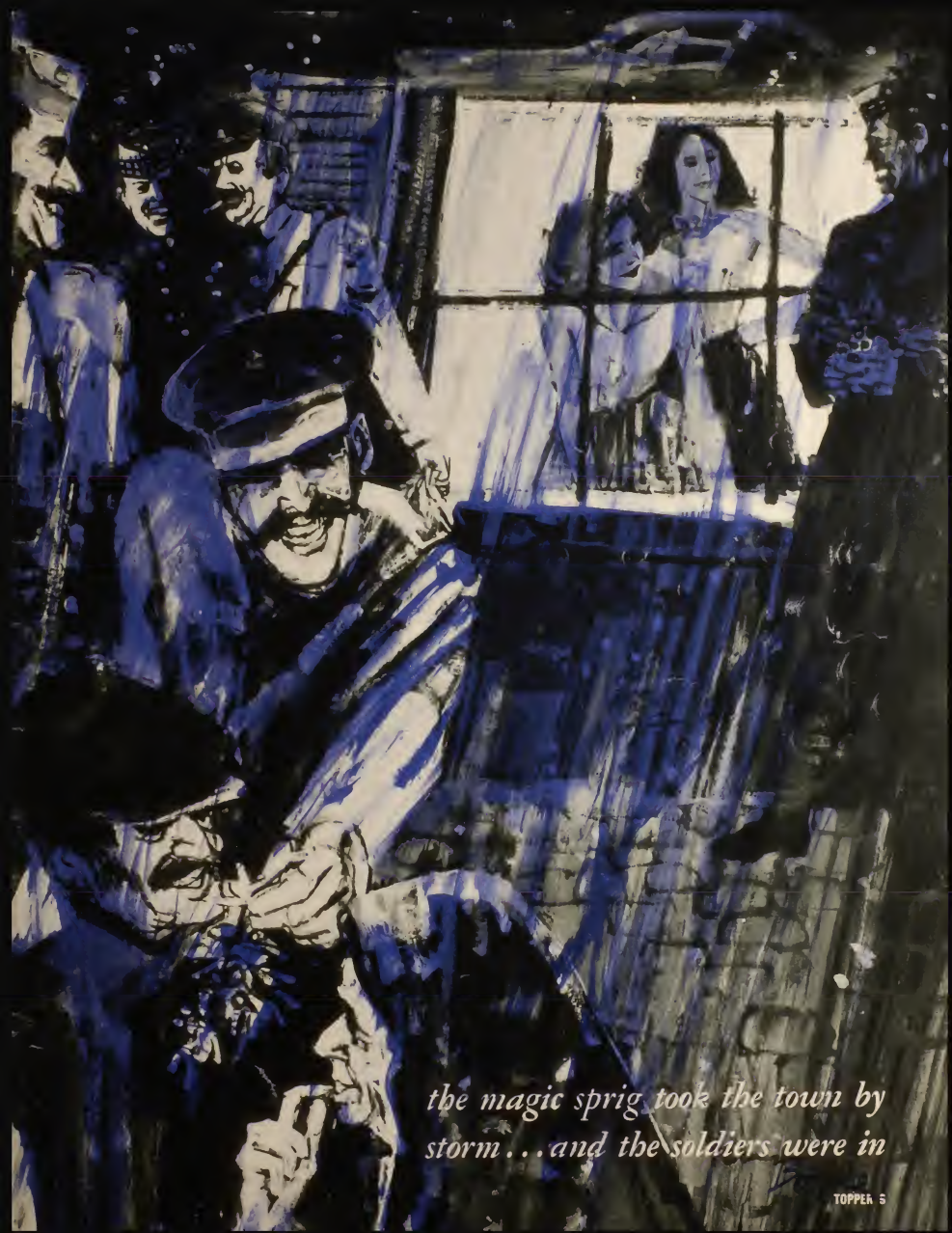
# MILAN AND THE MISTLETOE

**M**ilan, the sprawling,  
new-old, yellow-brown  
city of the north, tight  
frozen in the December  
cold.

Foxes, deer, pheasants,  
rabbits, hanging before  
the butcher shops. Cold  
troops wandering down







*the magic sprig took the town by  
storm...and the soldiers were in*

the streets, from the Christmas leave trains. All the world drinking hot rum punches inside the cafes.

Officers of every nationality, rank and degree of sobriety crowded into the Cova cafe across from the Scala theatre, wishing they were home for Christmas.

A young lieutenant of Arditi, telling me what Christmas is like in the Abruzzi, "where they hunt bears and the men are men and the women are women."

The entry of Chink with the great news.

The great news is that up the Via Manzoni there is a mistletoe shop being run by the youth and beauty of Milan for the benefit of some charity or other.

We sort out a battle patrol as rapidly as possible, eliminating Italians, inebriates and all ranks above that of major.

We bear down on the mistletoe shop. The youth and beauty can be plainly seen through the window. A large bush of mistletoe hangs outside. We all enter. Prodigious sales of mistletoe are made.

We observe the position. We depart, bearing large quantities of mistletoe which we give to passing charwomen, beggars, policemen, politicians and cab-drivers.

We re-enter the shop. We buy more mistletoe. It is a great day for charity. We depart, bearing even larger quantities of mistletoe which we present to passing journalists, bartenders, street sweepers and tram conductors.



We re-enter the shop. By this time the youth and beauty of Milan have become interested. We insist that we must purchase the large bush of mistletoe outside the shop, an empty bank building. We pay a large sum for the bush, and then, in plain sight of the shop window, we insist upon presenting it to a very formal looking man who is passing along the Via Manzoni wearing a top hat and carrying a stick.

The very formal looking gentleman refuses the gift. We insist that he take it. He declines. It is too great an honor for him. We inform him that it is a point of honor with us that he accept. It is a little Canadian custom for Christmas. The gentleman wavers.

We call a cab for the gentleman, all this within plain sight of the shop window, and assist him to enter and place the large mistletoe tree beside him on the street.

He drives off with many thanks and in some embarrassment. Many people stop to stare at him.

By this time the youth and beauty of Milan inside the shop are intrigued.

We re-enter the shop and in lowered voices explain that in Canada there is a certain custom connected with mistletoe.

The youth and beauty takes us into the back room and introduce us to the chaperones. They are very estimable ladies, the Countessa di This, very large and cheerful, the Principessa di That, very thin and angular and aristocratic. We are led away from the back room and informed in whispers that the chaperones will be going out to tea in one-half an hour.

We depart, bearing vast quantities of mistletoe, which we present formally to the head waiter of the Grand d'Italia restaurant. The waiter is touched by this Canadian custom and makes a fitting response.

We leave, chewing cloves, for the mistletoe shop. Under a small remaining quantity of mistletoe we demonstrate the sacred Canadian custom. Eventually, the chaperones return. We are warned by a whistle up the street.

Thus the true use of mistletoe was brought to Northern Italy. □

# THE THEATRE'S LAST REFUGE

*Hardest hit among the arts, the American stage is struggling for economic survival, but finds fresh hope in new avenues — such as UCLA's professional Theatre Group*

**W**hen we read in some nationally syndicated gossip column that Hollywood czar Marlon Brando will receive a million dollars to star in his next feature film, most of us usually stop, think but fail to comprehend. It is almost as difficult to conceive of anyone receiving a million dollars to act in a two hour film as it is to imagine the total destruction of this planet by a nuclear holocaust.

Yet, it is well-known that there are men willing to pay other men huge sums of money, offer them lucrative corporate interests and, consequently, establish their security for the rest of their lives in return for services rendered in a tradition that began long ago simply as tribal imitation.

It is in the establishment of an institution founded more than a century ago during the golden era of Bernhardt, Keane, Duse and Jefferson that has brought us to the height of the current crisis.

It is THE STAR SYSTEM, an ingrown thorn in the side of the theatre in particular, that has long been the reason for its uncontrollable writhings and discontents.

And the situation has worsened in recent years.

We have Broadway. We have Hollywood. We have vast disillusion. The star system has broadened, taken on prodigious trappings, both financially and artistically. Financially, the star is counted among the world's richest men, artisti-



In the U.C.L.A. Theatre Group is recent production of "The Prodigal," Michael David (foreground) and Ralph Clanton render stark characterizations as Agamemnon and Aegisthus

cally, he is desolate and impotent. But the star system reaches further than the personal aggrandizement of a select group of individuals. It brings with it the "popular" play, the attractive package that is assembled to lure the largest possible audience at the highest possible admission tariffs. Theatre has become formula and, as a result, audiences are staying away in droves.

Pundits have written that the hope of the American theatre is not Broadway, that there only the safe and sure play will be given production. Off-Broadway gives signs of being a partial answer, but it is the general consensus that the *way-off-Broadway* theatre is the only real hope. Way-off-Broadway is located in any theatre west of New York that can assemble some local talent, acquire rights to an established play and ask audience to come and see it. Such a theatre operation is "little theatre," and as a current phenomenon on the American scene is perhaps the most vital organ in theatre's throbbing organism.

But the boundaries of way-off-Broadway do not end at the commercial little theatre. They have extended a step further, one that may lead the theatre into a new and exciting era of achievement. Professional theatre has moved into the intellectual milieu of the university. At UCLA, in Los Angeles, a phalanx of professional motion picture and stage actors, directors and producers, together with men of the academia, have founded the makings of a legitimate theatre movement that seeks an audience among the middle-class intelligentsia uniquely available in the university environment.

Concerned with the reality that most theatrical enterprises are forced to appeal to the essentially uninitiated and grossly disinterested segments of the public for their audiences, the newly-founded UCLA Theatre Group is striving for a modern renaissance in theatre that asks of its audience more than what has been expected of it in the past. These men and women recognize that the serious theatre-goer does exist and has been largely ignored by the commercial interests that run their theatres for strictly fun and profit. Legitimate theatre has chased the serious audience away and has pandered to the tastes of old dowagers and visiting firemen.

But Theatre Group intends to recapture the lost and disillusioned minority through its exercise of artistic integrity and courage. Its founders are people who themselves know the daily frustrations of motion pictures,

television and theatre, and are committed to the task of creating a non-profit theatre of worth both for a discriminating audience and themselves.

The pioneers of Theatre Group are all well-founded in the lively arts of acting, producing and directing. From filmdom, Robert Ryan, Paul Newman, Shelley Winters, Eva Marie Saint and Joanne Woodward, are among the many who have worked steadily in behalf of the idea — which first took shape in the spring of 1958.

Theatre Group's artistic director is producer-director John Houseman, a monumental figure in the American theatre, who was also responsible for the existence of the legendary Mercury Theatre with co-founder Orson Welles. (It was Houseman and his Mercury colleagues who unleashed the simulated terror of H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* on an unsuspecting radio audience back in 1939.) Houseman has produced a score of memorable motion pictures, including *Lust for Life* and the Brando *Julius Caesar*. His credits also include two important milestones in television's short history: *Seven Lively Arts* and a number of *Playhouse 90* plays; he produced both programs.

But such awesome credits are not passports to bigger pay checks or top marquee billing in Theatre Group. In fact, UCLA's Schoenberg Hall (named after the late contemporary composer Arnold Schoenberg, who taught at the University in the late 30's and 40's) does not even sport a marquee. It and several other lecture halls on campus are the temporary homes (a projected 1000-seat theatre is in the works) for a worldly assortment of plays, ranging from Tennessee Williams to Sean O'Casey.

Still the Theatre Group is not the altruistic godhead that it appears to be. There is a very sound approach to the basic operation of such an enterprise. As part of the UCLA Extension Department, Theatre Group has access to the 100,000-plus mailing list of alumni and friends of the University. Here is a ready-made audience of such high calibre taste and standards that Theatre Group has no fear of attempting productions "too good" for its audience.

This built-in audience is the key to Theatre Group success, and director Houseman is quick to recognize it. "Here is true theatre, produced truly," says the 6 ft., 200-pound Houseman. "Yet could it exist under the Broadway dictum of 'smash hit or die'?" Can theatre live in an area where it costs six figures to bring in a small, impor-



Don Taylor explodes in a fury in this production "The Egg"



Robert Ryan (kneeling) and Robe Casper in a scene from T. S. Elliot "Murder in the Cathedral"





Charles Aidman exercises a dramatic vigor in "Between Two Thieves"



John Houseman keeps vigil on an evening Theatre Group rehearsal

tant play like *All the Way Home*, or *Caligula*, designed for a discriminating audience?" And Houseman answers his own question: "No, I really feel that the future of the theatre is here. In universities. In community projects such as Stratford. We have a people hungry for culture, starving for theatre. And it's at the university where they'll find it."

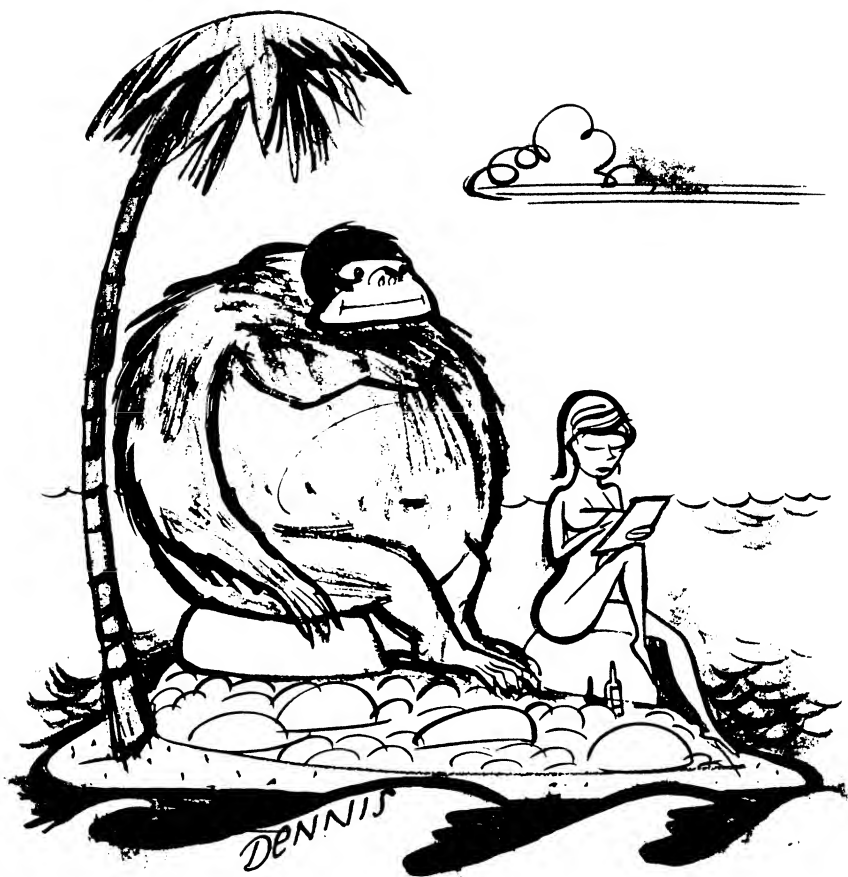
Of course, UCLA is at present the only university where legitimate theatre of this nature is being produced. But one of the founders of Theatre Group, Dr. Abbott Kaplan, University Extension Director, foresees the day when a similar group, bringing together university intellectuals and theatre professionals, will be established in New York. Then, it is planned, both groups will tour universities, performing the best of classical and contemporary plays.

In a little more than two years as a performing operation, the UCLA Theatre Group has presented a formidable line-up of productions, which has included Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage*, Dylan Thomas' *Under Milkwood*, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, Edward Albee's *The Sandbox*, Luigi Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, John Dos Paso's *U.S.A.*, Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, and other rarely performed plays and dramatic readings.

Although these productions are squeezed on to a tiny platform that may be used for a Botany lecture the following morning, the most skillful of theatrical techniques are infused into each production. Simple but evocative settings are employed, imaginative lighting illuminates those settings, and costumes of the highest artistic order top off a well-conceived mounting. First and foremost, however, a performer, big or as little as he may be in the public eye, is involved in a labor of love. He is temporarily free from the commercial compromises of, perhaps, a television series he works on by day; he knows the heady satisfaction of advancing the future of American theatre by night.

It is the "obscene economics" of Broadway that has prompted the flight of the fed-up actor to the west. At the new-found bastion of the Theatre Group, functioning freely and forcefully at one West Coast university, may yet arise the answer to the American theatrical problem. Sweeping east once again, reformation may well purge the land of the sickness known as commercial theatre.

Then contemporary audiences will know what the Greeks already knew long ago. H



***"Dear Abby: I have a sex problem . . ."***



***come on in...***







☛ SINCE NO ONE IS ABOUT TO TURN DOWN SUCH A COMELY INVITATION HAPPILY EXTENDED BY THIS

# *temptress*

LET'S FIND OUT WHAT SHE HAS IN MIND.

☛ AS ANYONE CAN SEE, SHE IS FULL OF UNABASHED FUN, FROLIC AND FASCINATION – THE EM-BODY-MENT OF A FABLED FREE SPIRIT.

☛ HER NAME IS JOAN LANG, AND SHE INVITES ALL TOPPER BROWSERS TO PARTICIPATE IN HER OWN PRIVATE WORLD OF YOUTHFUL FRIVOLITY.

☛ COME ON IN!



PHOTOS BILL NEW







**MONTEREY'S MUSIC-MAKERS:**

**DUKE ELLINGTON—a touch of royalty...**



**ODETTA—and a taste of plain folk...**



**DIZZIE GILLESPIE—a dash of brass...**



**JOHN COLTRANE AND GUITARIST—a blend of the soulful...**

**4<sup>th</sup>**  
**TOPPER ON THE SCENE:**  
**MONTEREY**  
**JAZZ**  
**festival**





Odetta presenting the songs of Bessie Smith & Ma Rainey

**T**HIS IS THE ONE, BABY?" And who is to doubt the word of an authority like Dizzy Gillespie speaking on the subject of jazz concerts? Diz, reclining on a couch in his suite high above the picturesque Northern Californian town of Monterey, wearing his beloved African tabush and munching a large bunch of grapes, looked more like some ancient emperor than one of the fathers of bop. Between seed spittings he went on to explain: "This is the only concert that isn't all jammed up with a lot of 'names'... just for the sake of making the card look interesting. It gives us a chance to stretch out and say what we want to say."

And this was the key to the success of this year's 11th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival, held on a recent weekend in the colorful California city. Credit for it goes to several very conscientious people, and primarily to Jimmy Lyons, general manager, for his own organizational efforts and foresight in turning the programming over to a musician, John Lewis, of the famed Modern Jazz Quartet. Who better than a musician of such stature could know how to arrange a

## DIZZY, DUKE

concert that would please both performer and audience alike? Fans and critics may argue the basic merits of jazz concerts for years to come. Other concerts may come and go, but we'll wager that the Monterey scene is here to stay as long as there's jazz and the people to dig it.

The festival site itself is a beauty. Located just a few minutes ride from the heart of town and the airport, the Monterey County Fairgrounds are replete with several acres of green lawns, big shady trees, colorful flowers and rustic buildings, with free parking for thousands of cars. A short walk from wherever you park brings you into the area, which seats 7,000 very comfortably and affords a clear view of the stage from every seat.

That suave gentleman, Duke Ellington, hosted this year's entire series of concerts, referring to himself as the "intermission piano player." With wry bits of humor and relaxed renditions of many of his ever-green compositions, the Duke kept audience spirits high between set changes.

Terry Gibbs, calling tempo like a hip Volga boatman, swung his big band into a driving opener on Friday



night, the first of the festival weekend, and carried through for 40 minutes with hardly pause for a breath.

A 25-minute run of *My Favorite Things* was John Coltrane's opener for the second set, spurred on by Eric Dolphy and Wes Montgomery as special guests with the quartet. A couple of moody and moving compositions by Coltrane permitted the group full range for performance and soul satisfaction.

In line with the Festival policy to introduce new groups and re-acquaint fans with old-time greats, the third set presented the Modern Mainstreamers, with Johnny Hodges, Dizzy Gillespie, Ben Webster, Harry Carney, Lawrence Brown, Stuff Smith, Ray Nance, Ralph Sutton, Aaron Bell and Sam Woodyard—none of them with less than 20 years of jazz experience in their *hip* pockets. They had a ball. The audience had a ball. And when the beef trust moved in (in the persons of Jimmy Rushing and Big Miller to shout the blues) even the jets passing overhead had a ball.

Terry's group came back for the closing set of a well-rounded, thoroughly entertaining first night.

**Gunther Schuller conducts the Festival Brass Choir before a sellout crowd**



year's Festival, but made a token offering of a little ditty he composed the night before, dedicated to and named for his favorite people, *The Girls*. Then he settled down to entertain the crowd—with two hours worth of the all-time greats from his bottomless vault of musical creations.

The Ellington group was joined by his current vocalist, Milt Grayson, who left the audience wondering how such a deep and powerful voice could emanate from such a lithe young man. A rousing, rocking *One*

A typically smooth set by the George Shearing Quintet, featuring Armando Perazza on Latin drums, left the fans in a buoyant dancing mood as they exited.

Sunday afternoon's program read —"Gunther Schuller conducting the Festival Brass Orchestra, starring Dizzy Gillespie, in the West Coast premier of Lalo Schifrin's 'Gillespi-ana.' A Tunisian Fantasy based on Dizzy Gillespie's 'Night in Tunisia' —also—World Premiere of 'Perceptions' by J. J. Johnson." It was very heady, indeed, and served well to

## AND TRANE UNFOLD SOME MIGHTY AND MASTERLY SIGHTS



**The beat element is represented by a delegation from North Beach, San Francisco, complete with bed rolls & beards.**

Saturday afternoon was the Duke's. As a tribute to Duke's 35 years of musical greatness, the Festival presented *Ellington Carle Blanche*. The people came in droves—all sizes, ages and sexes. Whatever their taste in music, they dig the Duke. Ellington apologized for not having some great new compositions to present this year to match his *Suite Thursday* of last

*More Time*, with Grayson, Ellington and Paul Gonzalves bringing the spectators in on the act, closed the afternoon session.

Judging by the standing-room-only crowd that pressed into the hall, the Saturday night program was considered to be one of the best in the Festival's history. J. J. Johnson and his flawless trombone opened the bill, with the Festival Brass Choir presenting some new compositions of J. J.'s, all in a high-brow, third stream vein. A moving vocal set by Carmen McRae and her trio held the audience in rapt attention which was then shattered by the stellar entrance of the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. Diz, sporting an elegant brocade jacket, lace trimmed shirt and patent leather dancing pumps, was missing his longtime trademark—somebody stole that golden trumpet! But it didn't seem to make any difference in the performance, which flowed along flawlessly for the better part of an hour. Joe Carroll, who worked with Diz way back when, joined in for a long, wild and imaginative set of scat vocalizing fraught with humor and innuendos that had the crowd roaring.

display the wide range of both Mr. John Birks Gillespie's and Mr. J. J. Johnson's capabilities as fine musicians.

Lalo Schifrin, pianist with Diz's



**Carmen McRae with gestures to match the compassion of her voice moved the audience to a rousing ovation.**



**Big Miller stands by to join Jimmy Rushing in a blues shouting duet that shook the whole town**

quintet, did a magnificent job of breaking down the perennial favorite *Night in Tunisia* into three movements which, while symphonic in construction, maintained the essence of jazz feeling and latitude throughout. J. J.'s composition, *Perceptions*, which was commissioned by Diz, had the master on his toes trying to keep up

with the changes. It is a very ambitious work and drew a well-deserved ovation.

The Sunday evening session, after so many good sounds from previous concerts, was like having to follow the dog act in vaudeville. And the formidable task of continuing to please the crowds fell into some very

capable hands. Ellington's polished group set the mood, and was followed in casual succession by Odetta singing the songs of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey and a driving set by the Dave Brubeck Quartet, featuring Paul Desmond on alto.

Desmond's popular *Take Five* was a natural opener. Brubeck was in fine fettle and went through some manipulations on the keyboard that appeared almost humanly impossible. Joe Morello on drums and Eugene Wright on bass maintained an impeccable rhythm for the wild melodic flights of Desmond.

Odetta was warm, charming and beautiful, and treated the audience to some modernized versions of the old classic blues, plus a few of the folk songs that have won her acclaim. Mel Lewis, drums; Lou Levy, piano; and Leroy Vinnegar, bass, gave tasteful backing for the set, leading to repeated encores.

That inimitable "intermission piano player" signed off the Fourth Annual Monterey Jazz Festival with the strong assurance of his appearance the following year, and closed with a jazzman's typically warm touch: "I love you all madly." **ML**



**With the Duke finger-poppin' tempo, young Milt Grayson swings out in a voice deep enough to emanate from his toes**

*This fast-moving age can leave even  
the sharp-witted monologist in its wake*

TOPPER satire / BY BURT PRELUTSKY

The time is the present, give or take a couple of days.

The scene is the lush, well-upholstered inner office of America's largest most powerful talent agency: the gargantuan M.C.I. Those three letters, which are enough to stop traffic, hearts and careers, stand for Monopoly Cartels, Incorporated. What many people don't know and are surprised to learn is that M.C.I. isn't a cold-hearted corporation controlled by proxies and committees, but rather a man: Monopoly Cartels. Mr. Cartels, however, is comparatively cold-hearted and is himself controlled by proxies and committees, so you weren't completely mistaken.

As our asbestos partition rises we see Mr. Cartels, a nondescript character, who looks something like a cross between Rock Hudson and Adolf Hitler, pacing the floor. His pace is nondescript also, except to the extent that it is half amble and half goose-step. The floor, otherwise quite ordinary, is tastefully carpeted in wall-to-wall money.

*(continued on page 46)*





*If Wilson was strangely drawn to Cynthia,  
her attraction for him was still more  
exceptional—to say the least!*

# TURN

As the plane approached San Francisco's International Airport, Stuart Wilson ground out the cigarette he had been smoking and busied himself with fastening his seat belt in compliance with the stewardess's instructions. A glance at his watch informed him that the plane was right on schedule. It was seven o'clock, and through the small window beside his seat he could see the sun sinking below the western horizon, coloring the sky a pale pink with its waning light. Wilson relaxed in the seat, hand laced across his stomach, and watched the map of the earth rise to meet him as the plane descended.

# ABOUT

It wouldn't be long now, she thought, before he would be a guest in Bland's house, enjoying the oldest man's food and liquor. And even as he basked in the warmth and comfort of Bland's hospitality, all the while he would be preparing to persuade the man to enter into a business transaction that would, in the long run, virtually ruin him. The thought gave Wilson a vague satisfaction, an awareness of his own strength and cleverness.

*C'est la vie!* he muttered under his breath. It was his firm conviction that the environment of the world of business is ruled by the ethic of survival of the fittest, and he felt no sympathy nor admiration for serene old fossils like Alexander Bland — men who trusted their associates implicitly, failing to acknowledge the unpleasant but true fact that there was always someone hiding behind a guise of false amiability and friendship, waiting, eternally poised to knife you in the back if it contributed to their own advancement. It puzzled Wilson that Bland had gotten as far as he did. Perhaps, he thought, smiling wryly, there aren't as many people like myself as I think.

The loud squeaking sound the plane's wheels made as they contacted the ground distracted Wilson. He watched the gray surface of the runway rush by through the window as the plane taxied to the end of the field, slowed gradually, and came to a neat stop. In no hurry, Wilson sat quietly in his seat while the other passengers crowded into the aisle. When the last one had passed him, he stood up and followed the file toward the exit.

He had told Bland to have his chauffeur meet him in front of the terminal at seven-thirty, and the black Cadillac was parked in front of the building, the driver just getting out. Wilson got in and the sedan whisked him past the terminal and toward the edge of town.

The house in front of which the car finally pulled up was the kind of house Wilson had expected to find Bland living in — an immense, well-preserved old Victorian structure complete with ornamental towers and an encircling second floor balcony and surrounded by the spacious lawns of a private estate.

Bland was there to meet him, smiling widely as he got out of the car. A servant took his suitcase and promptly disappeared.

"Good to see you, Wilson," Bland said enthusiastically, pumping his

hand. His tone was brisk and affectionate. "So something big is up!"

Wilson nodded, displaying his most winning smile. "That's right, sir."

"Well, there will be plenty of time to talk about that later," Bland said. "I suppose you're hungry now. Dinner will be served soon. You'll have time to clean up first."

Wilson was about to speak when a sudden movement in the open doorway attracted his attention. The girl who had appeared there, entirely unexpected, drew his gaze almost hypnotically, and only when Bland's voice broke the silence did he glance away with a tinge of embarrassment, hoping that his inadvertent stare had not annoyed her.

"This is my daughter, Cynthia," Bland said with beaming pride. "Cynthia, this is Stuart Wilson."

Cynthia Bland came down the steps with a light, fluid grace, smiling, "How do you do," she said, taking Wilson's hand.

"I'm pleased to meet you," he said truthfully. He had known that Bland was a widower, but he hadn't known that he had a daughter. Stepping back a little, he forced himself to regard the vision of loveliness before him with a conservative expression.

---

*The best man at a wedding seldom gets a chance to prove it.*

---

Cynthia was apparently quite young, probably no more than nineteen, but she had the poise, the finely boned features and look of self-assurance of a much older woman. There was a definite aura of lurking sensuality about her. She reminded Wilson of one of those austere, antiseptic fashion models found in the pages of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* — those tall, slender beauties in high priced evening gowns and Danish furs who always gave him the impression that beneath the gloss of elegance, fine clothes, and ascetic expressions there were women, receptive and passionate, their animal appetites secretly smoldering behind the false images they presented. He could sense the same quality of suppressed vitality in Cynthia — in the undulant way she moved and the way her eyes probed him with dark intent. He would have liked to reach out and grasp her body to affirm its reality. Her presence was still hard for him to believe.

Her breasts were high and ample, her full hips straining against the material of her skirt, her long hair almost a pure silver-white. She wore a black dress, matching high heel shoes, and a double string of pearls. There was only one thing about her that appeared imperfect to Wilson's connoisseur's eye. Her skin was extremely pale, a flat white with no trace of the normal healthy pink that would have made her seem as radiant as a blooming rose. He would have preferred her with a dark bronze tan. But, at any rate, Cynthia was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met.

"I'll show Mr. Wilson to his room, father," she said.

"Fine," Bland said. He clapped Wilson on the shoulder. "I'll see you shortly then." Making a vague gesture, he excused himself.

"Follow me," Cynthia said. He did so, and as they walked he caught a faint whiff of the perfume she was wearing and it stirred his senses like a stone thrown into a pool sends ripples across the water.

Jesus, he thought, how can I concentrate on what I'm doing with this walking around?

The room she took him to was modern and spotless. The walls were a light yellow and the floor was covered with a thick red carpet. There was a large double bed and beside it a polished mahogany liquor cabinet. A door opened into a tile bathroom with a shower and a supply of the essential toilet articles for both sexes. Wilson undressed and showered, taking his time and enjoying the warm water on his body. Feeling fresh and vigorous, he stepped from the stall and rubbed himself dry with a towel.

When he had changed into slacks and a sport shirt, he mixed a scotch and soda and stood before the bathroom mirror studying the image of his handsome face. With a glow of vain pride he thought about the many women, both young and old, whom he had conquered over the years since college. He wondered if Cynthia Bland would be as responsive to him as they had been. He realized that it would be a wise decision to ignore her, but such a feat was nearly impossible for a man like himself. If he didn't at least make a tentative effort to determine whether or not she was willing, he knew that he would never be able to forget the golden opportunity he had relinquished.

(continued on page 55)

"ONE POTATOE, TWO POTATOE,  
THREE POTATOE, FOUR..."



# WRY NYE

For the past several years the face of LOUIS NYE has frowned, furrowed, smirked and smouldered on the nation's TV screens in fastidious, yet outrageously funny reaction.

To the simplest of questions he may respond with a leer of the eye, an arch of the eyebrow and a snarl from between curled lips. Often, comedian NYE needs no outward provocation to light into tangential comic relief that is funny by no simple definition—it just is.

In the very fact that NYE is able to pull a limp television sketch out of the doldrums simply by means of an absurd gesture bespeaks of his unique comic appeal.

This very same be-NYEN impulse is captured herewith by the TOPPER camera in a portrayal of some familiar characters who always seem to pop up wherever one may happen to look.

These shutter shenanigans may NYE well turn out to be pungent parody and spiffy spoofery—so watch out, you may be next! (By the way, Louis' pretty partner in mime is starlet Gloria da Corsi.)





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"BUT THE HOUND DOESN'T LIKE  
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WON'T SIT UP STRAIGHT EITHER."**



**"MADAME, I SALVATORE BACCALAUREATE, THE  
GREAT VOICE COACH, SENSE THAT YOU STINK."**



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BIGELOW 65000; OR WRITE ME, TED HACK,  
AND SAY 'ONE VOTE FOR THE TAP DANCER...'"**

# HOW TO MAKE OUT AT THE MOVIES:



"I WONDER IF SHE REALLY LIKES ME?..."



"...WELL, SO FAR, SO GOOD..."



"...YOUR PERFUMED HAIR MAKES ME FORGET  
THAT I SAW THIS FILM THREE TIMES BEFORE..."



"...NOW, WHO'DA GUESSED IT?!"

# TURN ABOUT

(continued from page 28)

Dinner was excellent: broiled steaks with vintage *Cheval Blanc*. The three of them ate at a small table on the stone patio near Bland's lavish swimming pool. Bland and Wilson sat at opposite ends of the table, Cynthia sitting adjacent to Wilson on the right hand side. Bland carried the conversation in his usual energetic manner, and Wilson listened in-ter-ly, nodding intermittently and making occasional brief comments. Just before dessert was served he decided to put his plan into action. Slowly and cautiously he moved his leg around behind Cynthia's under the table. Then, taking a casual bite of his dessert, he raised his trouser leg with the other hand, exposing bare flesh, and brushed his calf swiftly across her warm, nylon clad leg. He made the contact just protracted enough to leave her wondering whether or not it had been accidental.

Cynthia put down her spoon and looked at him squarely. The expression that flickered across her face looked like a mixture of surprise and uncertainty.

Bland's voice broke the tension: "I always turn in at nine, my boy. I'll leave you and Cynthia to get acquainted. She can show you the grounds. We can talk business tomorrow. I'll see you in the morning — but don't bother about getting up early."

Wilson could hardly believe it. He couldn't have asked for a better arrangement. "Yes, sir," he said, nodding. "I'll see you then."

"Would you really like to see some of the grounds?" Cynthia asked abruptly. There was no acknowledgment of the table incident in her eyes, and he wondered if she had dismissed it as an accident. "Or perhaps you'd like some more wine?"

"The wine sounds good," Wilson said, smiling.

She filled his glass and he lifted it to his nose, inhaling the fragrant bouquet of the wine. "Won't you have another glass?" he suggested.

She shook her head. "I'd rather have a double martini, but I'm too lazy to go back to the house and fix it." The answer surprised him. It sounded almost as if she were trying

to exhibit her sophistication.

"Well, if you're sure you won't have some..." he said, lifting his glass as though proposing a toast.

Cynthia darted the tip of her tongue over her lips. "Oh, I might as well," she conceded. She tilted the bottle, filling her glass. Picking up the glass, she clinked it lightly against his. "To the success of the transaction you're working on with father!"

"I certainly hope so," he added.

"Will you be staying with us long?" she asked, sipping her wine.

"I don't think so," he replied. "I suppose I'll be going back tomorrow evening." There was an awkward silence, then he said, "Are you going to school?"

"No. Do I look like a student?"

"You've already graduated?" he said, mildly surprised.

She shook her head. "I didn't go to college."

"Really? What do you do?"

"Not a great deal," she answered.

"I don't have a job if that's what you mean."

"The life of leisure," Wilson said, grinning. "I wish my family had been wealthy."

"You seem to be doing all right for yourself."

"Oh, I can't complain." He glanced at her sharply. So far she hadn't said or done anything to indicate that she might be interested in him. It came to his mind that she might not even be attracted by him, so he decided to test her interest. "Please don't feel obligated to stay here and talk to me if you've something else to do," he said, masking a look of loneliness. "I'll be all right alone."

"No, really I'd rather stay," she said. "I seldom get to talk to young men anyway."

"Oh?" Wilson said, raising his eyebrows. "A girl as attractive as you?"

"It's true," she said quietly. "I'm not really too popular. I'm an intellectual girl, Mr. Wilson, and I guess I frighten the boys away with the way I talk. As I said I didn't go to college, but I had the best private teachers."

"You don't frighten me away," Wilson said evenly, meeting her eyes.

"I suppose my trouble is my idealism," she went on. "I'd like to get married, but I'm not willing to settle for the artificial relationship most marriages are based on. My goal is to find a man who I'm not only drawn to physically, but one who shares my ideas as well. Someone I can communicate with. My idea of the foun-

(continued on page 42)

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PHOTOS IVAN NAGY



**Q**UESTION: Whatever becomes of those beauty queens who win top honors in their homelands—after they have reigned for that one regal years?

**A**NSWER: Some get married, have children and are never heard from again. Others come to Hollywood, seeking motion picture careers.

And that is the story of TOPPER's lithesome lovely Lissi Denn, Miss Denmark of 1958. She currently resides in Hollywood, waiting for that big celluloid breakthrough.



**MISS  
DENN-  
MARK**

*A perfect example of an innocent from abroad, Lissi Denn is a new Hollywood denizen*













**Now It's  
Liquor-Flavored  
Pancakes!**



SCOTCH, RUM, BOURBON FLAVORED  
PANCAKES

2 cups bisquik

1 egg

1½ cups milk

4 jiggers rum, scotch or bourbon

Add egg and milk to bisquik. Beat until smooth. Then add liquor and beat for an additional 30 seconds. Don't over mix. Grease griddle. Turn pancakes when bubbles appear.

For syrup: use a simple sugar syrup that has been thinned with water. You may add your favorite liquor to the syrup as well. Plenty of butter (melted) on the cakes makes them even more delicious. For added treat mix a mashed banana with rum pancake mix.

**I**n grandmother's day pancakes were as much a part of the home scene as long underwear dripping on the line or old grandpa dripping in the tub.

The sweet old lady would stand at her work area with a countless array of mixing materials, which included eggs by the score, pitchers of milk, bags of flour, and she even made her own golden sweet syrup. When she finally flapped her last jack off the griddle, her large family proceeded to eat heartily off the towering stack of butter-drenched buckwheats.

But the day of the carefully-tended and tender pancake is a far cry from the modern flapjack. The present-day pancake is a product of instant mixes that claim perfect results simply by the addition of milk and a warm flame. Griddle-tending has turned into a pretty lifeless and sterile affair. Thus, it has become more and more glaringly evident that the golden morsels are in need of a new punch at brunch.

To wit: TOPPER offers the liquor-flavored pancake for the young man who seeks a late date treat.

The arrival of the liquor-imbued buckwheat cake, it can be said, was inevitable. And its emergence is an interesting and dynamic development. Not too long ago, a group of pancake-happy advocates, well aware that the fine art of flapjack-flipping was becoming a slave to modern life, committed themselves to the task of reviving the finesse that was part and parcel of the proud pancake. Their patriotic pledge has grown to a chain of nation-wide pancake houses, reasonably called the International House of Pancakes. With the advent of a chain of restaurants solely dedicated to dispensing a wide variety of their famous product—from pancakes with real coconuts and strawberries to rum-filled Crepes Suzette—it has become quite the fashion to attend a pancake house for an after-theatre snack, or to top off a heavy date.

With the widespread resurgence of the pancake, people are again discovering the pleasure in creating their own flapjack variations. The popularity and influence of the Pancake House has spurred a creative urge in the once docile and easily-pleased partaker of the golden blend. Now he seeks the exotic and different in his personal fork-pushing.

In response to the demand for a unique (and by the way, exhilarating) recipe for winter-time pancakes, TOPPER's palate-minded staff has taste-tested a smooth blend of pancakes and liquor which should prove to be just the trick for an intimate early-morning breakfast, or for a cheery late-night get-together to usher in the New Year.

# TURN ABOUT

(continued from page 33)

dation of a true love would be one where there's a union of minds and tastes—mutual interests. Most people are actually strangers when they marry. I want to know the man I marry. I want to have interests in common with him, so I can *believe* in him. I don't seem to be able to have any fun with someone who can't carry on an intelligent conversation about art or literature, and I guess that's why I don't see many boys. I can't bear talking about trite, trivial things — the weather, movies, idle reminiscences. My father says I'm obsessed with my work. You see, I paint and write."

"Oh, really?" Wilson managed to look impressed. He sipped his wine, then said, "Perhaps you are expecting too much from love. Some of the most classic romances have been between people from different cultures, you know."

"That doesn't mean that such people didn't thoroughly know and understand each other," she objected. "Once both partners share a thorough understanding of each other, the marriage can prove meaningful. The trouble today is that most people don't really know or understand the person they're married to, and so they're afraid to *give* themselves when they're making love. They make love because they have license to do so, but they don't really enjoy it. Those who know each other are more concerned with providing pleasure for their partner than for themselves. They want to give instead of take. And that's what makes a lasting marriage."

She stopped speaking and Wilson noted with satisfaction that she appeared not the least self-conscious from the intimacy of her words. The glow of contentment that filled him did not come entirely from the wine and the meal. Cynthia, he concluded, was vulnerable and available, and he would have her.

Tact, he murmured to himself softly. Then, before he could speak, she delivered a line that stopped him cold.

"What happened at the table was no accident, was it?" she asked, but the certainty in her tone betrayed the necessity of any answer from him.

Pinned down, the facade of his pretense shattered, he could only answer candidly. "No, it was not."

"I congratulate you," she said coolly. "It was almost, but not quite, subtle enough to keep me in the dark."

"You aren't angry?" he said, feeling ludicrous, as though he were on trial. For a moment he felt a surge of fleeting hate for her calm smugness.

"I would be a fool to be angry because a man thinks I'm desirable enough to justify such a risk in my father's presence!"

"It was wrong of me," he blurted.

"You can call me Cynthia," she said in a dark, whispering voice that sent tremors along his spine.

Her eyes were on him, her mouth forming a half-smile. She was waiting, he knew, waiting for him to act, for his touch to arouse her so she could offer herself. He stared incredulously. It had come about so quickly and effortlessly that he could hardly believe it was happening.

His lips closed over hers in a sweet, moist kiss, a low animal moan of pleasure sounding in her throat. Excitedly he reached for the smoothness of her thigh beneath her dress. The touch caused her to break away with slow reluctance and stand back, looking at him.

"Not here," she said. "Someone may see us."

Wilson nodded numbly. Taking his hand, she led him into the house and up the stairs. She pulled the shades in her room, casting it into almost total darkness, then took two tall candles from a drawer and lighted them. The room was filled with a soft orange illumination.

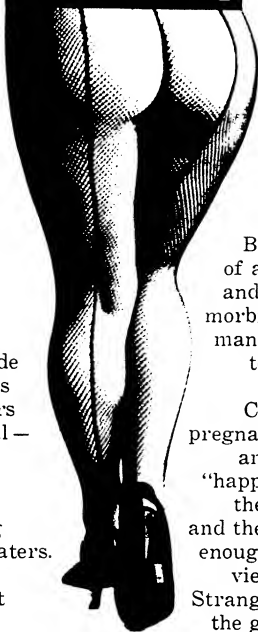
Cynthia sat on the edge of the bed and removed her shoes. She beckoned him to her and for a long while they lay together on the bed locked in an embrace and exchanging long, reciprocal kisses. Minutes later, both breathing heavily, they parted and sat up. Wilson's eyes communicated the question and Cynthia nodded silently. As they undressed he watched her with the eyes of a hungry wolf. She divested herself of the dress with smooth, fluid motions, without timidity, and he could tell that she was proud of her body, eager to display it.

When she finally stood before him naked, hands on her hips as she posed

(continued on page 53)



# what's happening to FRENCH MOVIES



**W**HEN ROGER VADIM'S CONTROVERSIAL PICTURE *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* was being shown at the Colisé and Marivaux theatres in Paris, the Société des Gens de Lettres, a writers' organization whose stated purpose is to safeguard France's literary heritage, raised such a vehement howl that the film, which had already been banned for export, was prohibited in its country of origin as well—until the title was changed to *Les Liaisons Dangereuses 1960*.

Even under the new title, designed to draw a distinct line between Choderlos de Laclos's 18th Century novel and Vadim's modern movie version—which the writers called a misrepresentation of the original—the picture had a rough career.

The Mayors of various French towns, such as Dijon, Saint Brieu, Mulhouse, Angers and Tours, issued edicts banning its showing from their communities' theaters.

In Marseilles, riotous groups in the Capitole theater made such a fuss over it that the Cartel d'Action Morale sent a delegation to the City Hall and got the Mayor to slap a drastic age limit on admittance, thereby making anyone under twenty, male or female, unable to see the picture.

Even before Vadim actually made the movie, he had trouble with the *buveurs de tisane* (a colorful French phrase meaning "teetotalers," but covering all types of timorous people). He had intended to star young British actress Gillian Hills in the

role of Cécile, but had been swamped with threatening letters from indignant mothers' associations who wouldn't put up with the idea of a 14-year-old girl being featured in "that kind of a picture."

*What kind of a picture?*

Briefly, the theme is the story of a rich, blasé couple, Valmont and his wife Juliette, who get a morbid kick out of committing as many adulteries as they can and telling each other all about it after each "conquest."

Complications arise involving pregnancy, a love triangle, murder and insanity. And, although a "happy ending" is brought about, the whole theme of the picture and the seduction scenes in it were enough to move many scandalized viewers into restrictive action.

Strangely enough, Jeanne Valérie, the girl Roger Vadim eventually chose for the Cécile part, actually looked younger than Gillian Hills, who had a grown woman's shape, in spite of her youthful age.

In fact, Gillian Hills starred in the British movie *Beat Girl* shortly afterward, in which the role she played was anything but that of an ingénue. But Jeanne Valérie was seventeen, so Vadim was able to shoot his picture unmolested, and only when the movie was released did further interference from



Les belles jeunes filles sans merci of French filmdom would tax the gallic glossary of even the most accomplished press agent.

English cousin, Gilliam Hills, who at 14 was considered too innocent for raw reels (below)...



Daring to flout the censors, France's new young directors have ventured into areas usually too hot to handle

civic groups occur.

*Les Liaisons Dangereuses* 1960 was not the only target of censoring bodies, official or otherwise.

Claude Bernard Aubert's *Les Tripes au Soleil*, a bold mixture of sex and racial issues, showing a white man and his Negro mistress making love in an imaginary African country, soon earned a reputation as "the multiple-ban movie" and created many an incident in the theaters where it was run—particularly in Paris and Marseilles. In the latter city, for instance, a gang of hysterical thugs disrupted the showing of the picture at the Rex theater by throwing stink bombs, sneeze powder and firecrackers. Then they poured a few quarts of gasoline on some seats and tried to set the theatre on fire. The reel was stopped, the audience partly evacuated, and police called in to pick up the troublemakers in whose pockets further "ammunition" was found, such as smoke bombs and ink-filled eggshells they were planning to throw at the screen.

It was Roger Vadim, himself, who was the originator of an egg-throwing game not too long ago, and it is clear that the incident at the Rex was directly influenced by the director's flamboyant escapades.

There is a subtle link between these two incidents, since both can be considered typical illustrations of the restless frame of mind that characterizes two sections of the French moviegoing and moviemaking youth. This restlessness, which distinguishes the "new wave" adepts from the "old guard" (called *les croulants*, or "the crumblers," in French slang), has led to constant experimenting in the movie field by the newcomers. It is for this reason that so many new starlets and unorthodox productions are cropping up in France all the time.

No taboos are being left untouched by the bold new wavers in an all-out effort to picture life as it actually is. In *Les Amants* (The Lovers), for instance, young director Louis Malle portrays such a vivid, realistic aspect of the eternal triangle that one French newspaper's movie critic devoted a large part of his column to a painstaking (and opinionated) description of the squirmings of the theater audience around him as the couple on the screen performed their bedroom exercises with unequalled gusto. The rest of the column consisted of an enthusiastic endorsement of the picture's subject and treatment, although the columnist himself could hardly be classified as a new waver on the basis of his age.

In fact, many French journalists,



Annette Stroyberg, Director Roger Vadim's ex, and a fascinating facsimile of another Mrs. Vadim . . . Brigitte Bardot ...



perhaps because of their innate love of freedom of expression, whatever its medium, stand firmly by the young moviemakers in their fight against the *crumblers'* prejudices. In fact, one newspaperman, Claude Chabrol, felt so strongly on the matter that he became a movie director himself and made two much-talked-about films in the new vein: *Le Beau Serge* (The Good) and *Les Cousins* (The Cousins).

Concluding his review on these two pictures for the American movie-magazine *Films in Review*, Carlos Clarens states that Chabrol "once wrote an exhaustive study of the films of Alfred Hitchcock, and his (own) films abound in Hitchcock-like touches, the best one being the turning of the commonplace into the horrible and vice-versa." In this statement lies the germ of another peculiar tendency among the "new wave" moviemakers: horror pictures, a comparatively unexplored field in France.

Georges Franju, one of the up-and-coming new directors, took a remarkable first step into this blood-curdling screen genre with his *Les Yeux Sans Visage* (The Eyes Without a Face), in which modern surgical techniques were artfully blended with sheer suspense to produce maximum effects of

physical and mental horror. It is the pathetic story of a surgeon's daughter whose face has been burned to a horrible pulp following an automobile accident. She wears a mask that represents her former visage, while her father murders girls right and left and tries (unsuccessfully) to graft the victims' face-skin onto his nightmarish daughter's. He succeeds with the grafting, but after a while the transplanted flesh starts rotting away and he has to look for a new victim. The most sensational scene in the picture (apart from a glimpse at the daughter's facial remains) is that in which the surgeon is seen removing the skin from the face of one of the murdered girls.

More recently, Roger Vadim did *Et Mourir de Plaisir* (And to Die of Pleasure), in which his Danish-born ex-wife Annette (who, incidentally, once said she would never be in pictures) plays the part of a vampire. That's what the blurbs about the film said, anyway, echoed by some unperceptive movie critics as well. Actually, the heroine is merely insane and *thinks* she is a vampire. Many hints to that effect, including an outright statement made by a psychologist, are interspersed throughout the film. Yet, as I gathered from the mixed-up comments of a fairly large section of the audience when I saw it, most spectators failed to realize this.

As a matter of fact, misunderstandings of this kind constitute one of the major hurdles encountered by the new wavers in trying to put their ideas across to the general public

through their movies. Irrked by repeated contact with people who failed to catch the meaning of his films, Roger Vadim once said to a girl who criticized the choice of his subjects:

"There are movies for every taste, just as there are books for every mind, and cooking for every palate. If you don't like *bouillabaisse*, don't try to keep Marseilles fisherman from relishing it."

A reporter on France's government-operated radio and TV networks recently interviewed Vadim on the subject of his heavily-censored films, asking him whether he would ever make a "pink" (innocuous) motion picture version of something written by the highly censorable Comtesse de Ségur.

"If I could afford to throw away a few million francs," replied the famous "new wave" director in typical Vadim fashion, "I would shoot the Comtesse de Ségur's *Les Malheurs de Sophie* without changing a single line in the dialogue or a single image in those suggested by the text; but I'm sure the picture would never come on the screens, for the censoring office would never let it through."

Yet *Les Malheurs de Sophie* is considered one of the most widely recommended literary works for reading by young French girls, which proves Vadim's remark to be a subtle hint at the hypocrisy and fallacious judgement that often beset those who parade themselves as champions of people's morals.

It should be noted, however, that new, more liberal regulations have been issued by the French Ministry of Information since Vadim made the above statement. The new Motion Picture Censoring Commission will include recognized experts in the fields of psychology, sociology, medicine, pedagogy and law, selected on the basis of their long-time preoccupation with the influence of the movies not only on children but also on adults.

Screen writers and producers will be required to submit synopses of their projected films to the commission prior to the shooting of a picture, but rejection of the synopses by the commission will not prevent them from going ahead with the films. It will be up to them to handle the subject in such a way that the unfavorable impression created by the synopsis will not persist in the finished product.

Just how liberal this system will turn out to be in practice seems

doubtful to some motion picture producers, who have decided to play safe by soft-pedaling the sex angle and devoting a large share of their budgets to historical films, such as new versions of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*, as well as "firsts" on Charlemagne, Lafayette and other giants of history.

Nevertheless, a few directors like Claude Autant-Lara, who made the ri-



...Jeanne Valerie, who at the ripe old age of 17 was considered mature enough for the debauch which would have corrupted the tender-yearred Miss Hills.



bald *La Jument Verte* (The Green Mare), intend to use history, as a vehicle for more red-blooded productions, as evidenced by Autant-Lara's *Vive Henri IV, Vive l'Amour*.

Of course, it is rather difficult to predict with any degree of accuracy the future behavior of French "new wave" moviemakers. But perhaps there is a hidden message in the fact that thirty-year-old François Truffaut, another onetime journalist who (like Claude Chabrol) stepped from the role of a ferocious movie columnist into that of a "new wave" film director and made such noteworthy contributions to non-conformism as *Les 400 Coups* (The 400 Blows) and *Tirez sur le Pianiste* (Shoot the Pianist), has now cooled down to the extent of enlisting the services of an 80-year-old writer for his latest movie job *Tire-au-Flanc* (Goldbrick).

Could it be that the despised "crumblers" are about to ride the tide with the cocksure new wavers? **||**



Juliette Magniel, hot-eyed latin of *The Eyes Without A Face*...

(continued from page 25)

Lying in a scribe situated in the center of the room is Mr. Cartel's very private secretary, a lush, well-upholstered blonde, who certainly fits in well, interior decoration-wise. Her name is Elsie Smith.

She is sucking the thumb of her left hand. With her right hand she is trying to take dictation with alphabet blocks.

CARTELS: Now, listen, Doll Baby, you promised. You know you promised when I hired you.

ELSIE: (without removing thumb) And you know I ain't 21 yet.

CARTELS: (mopping his brow) Today's your birthday, Doll Baby, and you promised.

ELSIE: I was born at 1:30 exactly. At 1:30 I'll be 21 exactly and not a half second sooner.

CARTELS: (mopping her brow) It's 1:18 now.

ELSIE: (slapping him) Then I'm still 20.

CARTELS: You've got 12 minutes left. Then you've got to keep your promise. You've got to use a typewriter. That was what you promised.

ELSIE: I know. I'm still 20 ... exactly. Too young to know my own mind. Too easily fooled ... Too easily hurt and taken advantage of ... Too ... (There's a knock at the door)

CARTELS: Come in.

(A tall, gaunt, young man dressed in slacks and a dark turtleneck sweater enters. He carries a folded newspaper with which he takes an occasional swat at a passing fly.)

CARTELS: Morton Salt, Doll Baby, I ...

SALT: Don't "Doll Baby" me. I'm 32 and I still refuse to use a typewriter. Okay? Right? Right!

CARTELS: What are you doing down here? I thought we had you booked up at the Starving I in San Francisco.

SALT: Right. But they fired me. They said I wasn't funny. Imagine that!

CARTELS: How do they figure, Mort, sweetheart? You're the top. You're a tower of pizza. You're the hottest young comic to hit America since Will Rogers hung up his lasso. With your comic touch, your probing mind, your turtleneck sweater, and your folded newspaper, you are America's Foremost Iconoclast.

SALT: That's exactly what I told the owner of the Starving I. Except like I changed it into the first person. Right?

CARTELS: And what did he say to that?

SALT: Some jazz about not caring what my religion was. He said some of his best friends are Iconoclasts and that he even has them over to his home for dinner, but that I was fired.

CARTELS: That's ridiculous. What was your trouble?

SALT: There just wasn't anything to kid, I guess.

CARTELS: What do you talk, Morton, baby? Just rib all the stuff you always ribbed.

SALT: How could I? There's a liberal administration in Washington, right? So that's out. And all of the nation's golf courses have been converted into integrated parking lots, right? So that's tubed. And all of the golf clubs have been turned into plow shares, okay? The beatniks are dead since Kerouac read Edgar Guest on Ed Sullivan's. No capital punishment jokes since Chessman's resurrection. And what with the Schweitzer-Pauling-Russell declaration that nuclear fallout acts as a natural deterrent to cancer, measles, athlete's foot, and the gout, that whole megilla is down the drain. So where am I? I'm here in Beverly Hills, out of work. And even that's no joke.

CARTELS: Kid, I don't know what to say. You're one of the greats. But you know that already, you spoiled-silly-kid-you. On the way up, just like a salmon, you spawned a score of imitators. And that's proof of your talent. Look at all the comedians who have imitated you: Murt Salt, Nort Salt, Mort Salt, Hart Salt, Mart Salt, Hard Sell, Nort Sahl, Mert Salt, Mirt Sull, Nort Sell, North South, East West, North Star, West Wind, Mort Silt, and Bruno Hopkiss, to name but a few. Believe me, honeylamb, that's a sure sign of greatness in this lousy business.

SALT: Are you positive?

CARTELS: Am I positive? Baby, you're the original. You're the one the Real-Folks-Out-There remember and love. You, Murt Salt.

SALT: Morton Salt, right?

CARTELS: I mean Morton Salt, of course. You're the one the folks remember. You're the genuine article. You're an original. You're the priceless mold from which all the rest of those shoddy talents emerged.

SALT: You know me like a book.

CARTELS: Sure, it's the same with all the great ones: Rod Skelton, Jack Bunny, George Gabel, Milton Barrel, Jack Purr, George Barns, Lucille Bell, Groucho Parks, Amos 'n' Candy, and, of course, The Four Stooges.

(continued on page 54)

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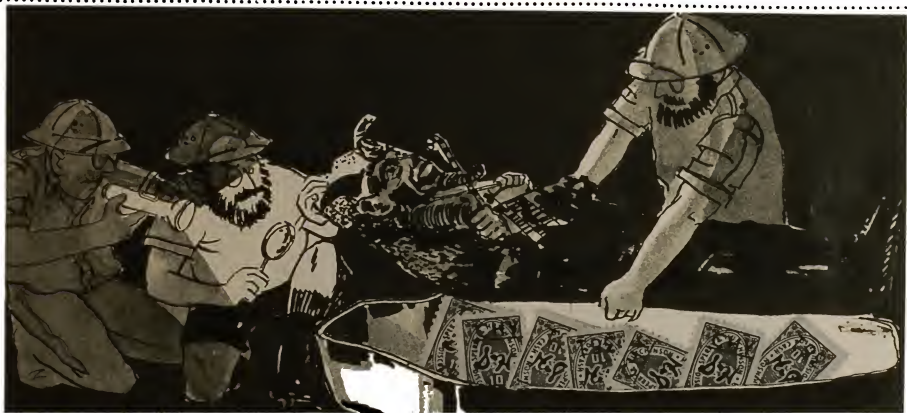
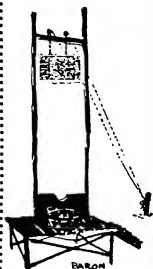
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# DO YOU SAVE ?

The American public is famous — alas, infamous — for its impetuous excursions into the world of fads and fancies.

But sometimes these national crazes can get out of hand, as witness the subtle and sagacious depiction of the trading stamp mania by TOPPER's brilliant new cartoonist, Bill Baron...







**PURPLE**


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 THE ART OF THE PURPLE PASSAGE, a phrase better known by its more correct name, *pornography*, is as ancient as sin or as old as the written word. In fact, before Guttenberg invented movable type, there was pornography on hand to illustrate the nature of the wandering libido. I have seen cave drawings made by aborigines that are on the same level as our latrine literature, with its juvenile sense of anatomy and eroticism. But it has always been a toss-up as to which country has contributed the most to this school of sexual depravity and/or comedy: is it Japan, with its fine brush strokes, or France, with its famous Parisian attitude toward eroticism in art and literature?

The purpose of this article is to expose something new in old vices—the

modern pornographer. What does he write and who publishes his work? Of course, since this is an extremely sensitive area, all of the names will obviously be changed to protect the guilty. For instance, I am quite sure that a certain American, who has lived in Paris for ten years, would not be happy to have his friends know that he's been writing graphic literature instead of that Great American Novel. His name, for my purposes, is Walter K.

Walter sits around *Le Dome* thinking up erotic themes. After a few days of soul searching, and experiencing, usually with some of the models he knows, he will do a sample chapter. The chapter will go the whole purple hog, passage for passage, with a four-letter language that would make you blush down to your back

teeth should you still have them.

Walter's writing will also have quite a literary flavor, because Walter is a very good writer. Often he will turn a purple phrase that is pithy, if you like that sort of thing. But whether it suits your literary tastes or not, it certainly suits the tastes of thousands of collectors of pornography. They swarm over the book-stalls at the Left Bank or they visit Brentano's Paris branch, where female clerks sell these books without bating an eye. The books, not oddly, are under the counter, which is the only concession made to good taste.

But with Walter having finished his presentation, he phones a certain notorious Frenchman, a specialist in this field, who has published many of the great and the small pornographic classics, including Frank Harris' *My Lives And Loves*. An appointment is made for the next day. Mr. G., the French publisher of this *merde*, will take Walter to a costly lunch. He will read the chapter in between the first and the last course, and lunch will end with Walter getting the first down-payment, about \$400.00. The ensuing discussion, will go as follows:

"Walter, remember, it must be real purple. The G.I.'s love it, so don't try to spare their sensibilities. For that matter, so do the male and the female tourists. I want the book ready by March or just before the tourists deluge Paris. And don't spare the purple. Make it hot and heavy. Also, Walter, make the story-line move. It must move! In fact, the better the story-line, the better the sales. Okay?"

All this has been said in English and in French, for the publisher is bi-lingual and is also suspected of being bi-sexual. He is a talented man, apparently...

"Okay, George, I can have the whole book finished in five weeks, then we can go over it for possible changes. In any event, I know the method. I have the language, and I know the women that I'm writing this dirt about. Will I get another advance before I turn in the whole thing?"

"If I give you more, you'll spend more on the whores around the *Dome*. Don't you think that it would be better if I kept it for you? Then you could go to Mallorca for the summer and perhaps write that big book?"

"Thanks, George, but I won't be able to wait that long. When I'm half through with the book, I'll want another four-hundred dollars. And don't worry about the girls at the *Dome*, George."

"It's your future, Monsieur Walter," said George with a sneer. "*Chacun vit a sa guise*—or—everyone lives as he likes, Monsieur Author."

This is a brief portrait of Walter, who lives in a cheap hotel. He eats at Chez Nana, on rue de la Grande Chaumiere, the famous street. Walter hardly ever sleeps in his hotel, preferring to use it to write his pornographic novels or to take girls there from *Le Dome*. Actually he lives on a part-time basis with a rich English woman, who has also given Walter the gift of a fine apartment, for services he renders her four times a week.

The English woman, Mrs. Anne E., is married, of course, but she manages to get away from her husband's more lavish home by insisting, "Frank, you are not capable anymore. I am only human, alas. It is far better for me to have a lover and be sane than be suicidal because you no longer take care of my sexual needs. I insist, dear Walter."

And so, everything seems to be ordered for Walter, so that he can write his books, keep himself financially solvent, have a mistress and still dream about writing his Great American Novel.

But he will never write it. He does not have the moral fortitude to face himself on any but his current level of life. He can only write for Monsieur G. He has no courage left and is, like so many American bohemians in Paris, drifting toward a dead-end, which is easy in Paris. He has taken the easy way out as he goes with his purple typewriter toward more *merde*. For, once you start on this trek, you're on the low road toward the garbage can, replete with your pornographic products.

Walter also knows other pornographic novelists using their typewriters for sexual excitation. There is a girl, for instance. She used to be a bright student at New York University, but she lost her brightness after she became the infamous author of two of the filthiest books ever published by Monsieur G. But she's made money; for everybody brings back one of her books to New York.

Common pornography is sold everywhere in Paris, but there are places that sell the better kind, if one can conceive of a better artistic product of smut. Basically, the shops that keep the more arty books or pornography are on the Left Bank. One shop specializes in fine first editions and fine bindings, but that's only a front for the extra-special limited edition of pornographic books that have lovely line-drawings in them. For many a poor artist, when up against it, will lend his talents and do pencil-line concepts of what the *Kama Sutra*, the famous Indian



book on the various techniques of love, looks like to him. An edition of this sort, usually limited to 99 copies, can go for a thousand dollars a book—and the pornographic buyers are many. As for the contents, they are like the well-known French postcards, but with more aesthetic lines. But whether they are artistic or not artistic, is hardly the point; they have but one real aim—to arouse the viewer.

Many of these books, especially books by the famous homosexual writer, Jean Genet, have reached the United States in large shipments. So has *Sexus*, Henry Miller's purple bid for posterity. But the prices, I am told, are fantastic. *Sexus* used to sell for about \$12.00 in Paris, but when the police raided the office of his publisher and removed some thousands of copies, the price went up all over the world. This makes the cost of pornography, if you happen to like it, pretty, pretty high.

But whether it is high or low, Paris is the ancient and the modern home for the manufacture of this entertainment. In little alleys on the Left Bank, up rickety stairs, in dirty old buildings, are the editors and their hand-maidens putting out these erotic editions. The girls working as editors are often American students who stayed over because they loved Paris; and now, to keep going, they work for the *stittillation trade*, hardly blushing at what they read and do as editors.

This is a brief introduction to the pornography factories, with no names mentioned so that nobody's goat will be tied to a bell. The wise reader can identify them as he wishes, for some of the writers are well-known, or were. Now they are just makers of muck and *merde*. **II**

## TURN ABOUT

(continued from page 42)

for his examination, he knew why. He marveled at the full thighs, slender calves, erect breasts, the dark essence of her womanhood. They came together with a clutching sob. Her body was cold to the touch at first but as they worked up a variety of rhythms, she warmed to him, became fiery, and in the end they made it together, clinging and gasping, hands clasped, mouths together in a frantic kiss.

She was more woman than Wilson had ever known, or hoped of knowing. He had to admit it.

The voice came to Wilson from far away, barely penetrating the barrier of his consciousness, a firm, insistent voice, repeating his name. Slowly, as awareness returned to his mind, he realized that someone was calling him from his sleep. He stirred, forced open his eyes, and exhaled a lethargic sigh. Cynthia stood beside the bed, smiling down at him, dressed in a black silk gown. He tried to rise, but found that he couldn't. Gradually he became aware of the numbness of his limbs, the sensation of light-headed sluggishness that seemed to hold him paralyzed. He felt as though he had been drugged. His vision was suddenly distracted by the spots of bright red on the sheet beside his head. Recognizing them as blood, a shock of alarm passed through his body.

"Good evening," the voice that had called him from his sleep said.

It was Bland's voice. Wilson turned

his head and saw that he was standing on the other side of the bed, a grim look on his face.

"I'm sorry, I really am," Bland said apologetically. "The least I can do is give you an explanation."

An aura of danger hung heavily in the darkened room. Sensing it, Wilson struggled to rise, but in vain. His eyes darted from Bland to Cynthia, glazed with terror.

"Let me up!" he cried.

"I'm afraid not," Bland said. "You've provided a release for her desire, but her appetite isn't quite yet quenched."

"Her appetite?" Wilson said shrilly.

"I took Cynthia back to the old country last year," Bland said. "Believe me, it hasn't been easy for us since then. I'm sorry your visit was so convenient, Wilson, but I must think of my daughter, you know. It's been hard enough keeping her these past few months—bribing people to steal blood from the hospitals, blood banks. She has to sleep during the day, can't go into town because someone might note that she casts no reflection in mirrors."

The words stabbed at Wilson's mind like the blade of a scalpel.

"Yes, she's a vampire," Bland went on. "Bitten and afflicted in Hungary." He turned to Cynthia and bowed gravely. "But enough talk. I'll leave you now, dear."

"Thank you, father," Cynthia said, and for the first time Wilson noticed the two pointed teeth as she smiled.

Bland left the room, closing the door softly behind him. Cynthia stepped forward and secured a gag in Wilson's mouth while he lay sweating profusely, unable to move. Then he felt the cool touch of her lips on his throat, the searing pain as her teeth punctured his flesh. **III**



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Indicate No. of Ranchos \_\_\_\_\_ Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

## The Iconoclast

(continued from page 46)

**SALT:** I get it. All fakes, huh? All second-rate copies, right? All bargain basement rejects, right?

**CARTELS:** No. Actually, they were the originals. But you get my point, don't you?

**SALT:** I'm not sure I do.

**CARTELS:** What it comes down to, Sugar Loaf, is this: Either retire on your DuPont dividends, or change your name and your act. I mean, it's fine that you're the Merit Sole everyone loves and remembers, but . . .

**SALT:** Morton Salt, right?

**CARTELS:** Right. But who wants them to love and remember you, if they won't pay to see you. Right?

**SALT:** Right!

**CARTELS:** Good. So you go home and rinse out your turtleneck. You may as well wash behind your ears while you're at it. After that, go out and burn all those newspapers. They're a fire hazard, and you've been fired enough. Then try this on for size: Maurice Heaven.

**SALT:** Maurice Heaven? But I'm a comedian.

**CARTELS:** Where have you been? Don't you realize these are the Serious Sixties? (looks at his wrist watch) Oops, it's 1:35. Buzz off, Leven, will you?

**SALT:** Heaven! It's Heaven.

**CARTELS:** I'm glad you're happy. But get out. I've work to do. I'm up to puberty in my memoirs.

**SALT:** Congratulations.

(Maurice exits)

**CARTELS:** (looks over at Elsie) Elsie, it's (drools) time.

**ELSIE:** (Takes thumb from mouth) I'm 21?

**CARTELS:** (wheel's out electric typewriter) For five full, frustratingly fleeting finutes . . . I mean minutes. And here's your birthday present from M.C.I. Doll Baby.

**ELSIE:** (fingers keys experimentally) Ooh, it feels wonderful. It feels just (sighs) absolutely (smiles coyly) wicked!

**CARTELS:** (mops his brow, her brow, and the typewriter keys) Now, Doll Baby (ogles Elsie), you (leers unashamedly as Elsie toys with carriage) will (foams wildly at the mouth and giggles uncontrollably) type!

(As the curtain falls rapidly, there can be heard only the loud irregular panting of Monopoly Cartels and the sly, coolly seductive murmur of an electric typewriter humming out Cartel's unfaithful answer to an ungrateful world: dirty words on clean paper.) II



**I RESOLVE...**

*...to be vivacious*



PHOTOS: MARIO CASILLI/VISTA



*...to be bewitching*



*..to be ravishing*

*...to be fair*





*...to be fun*



*...to be alluring*



*...to be carefree*

*...to be yours for the New Year...1962!*



*By all appearances Bronco looked as if he could lick his weight  
in wild cats...yet he cringed before the woman*



ABE GURVIN



# The Coward

*TOPPER fiction by*

BROOKS BURLINGAME

**H**e was big and handsome and was beautifully built—an eighteen year-old Adonis—a wedge-shaped, heavily muscled powerhouse. Oh, he was something to see, all right. Clad in a brief pair of swimming trunks, the sun shining on his bronzed torso and white-gold hair, he attracted more attention than any lifeguard on the beach.

He didn't like it particularly; he preferred to be alone. The beach didn't begin to fill up until one in the afternoon, and so the mornings were his best time—that is to say, they were for perhaps a week, the relatively short period of time it took for him to be discovered. He usually swam for an hour or so, did rigorous body-building exercises, and basked in the sun until it was time to go on duty. This was at the far end of the beach, behind the bluffs.

He didn't know it, but for one solid

week, he was passed scrutinized through a pair of powerful binoculars. Since no one ever visited that part of the beach—especially in the morning—for the most part he left off the swimming trunks and swam and exercised in the nude.

Marcia Del Rio watched him for a full week before she made her move. He was coming out of the water that July morning after a hard swim, and he felt wonderful. She stood there in the bright sunlight at the edge of the breakers, white foam lashing and curling around her ankles. Unaware of her presence, head down, he trotted by, shaking water from his body. She let him go by, then whistled shrilly. He stopped as if shot and spun around, mouth agape. He attempted to cover up, but the half-crouched posture was so ridiculous he took his hands away and stood there, trembling. Presently, he turned his back and told the woman to go away. This was even more ridiculous; the woman burst out laughing.

"You can't stand there like that all day... Turn around."

Angrily, he turned to face her.

"What do you want?" he roared. "Sneaking up on a man like that!"

"Don't shout," said the woman.

"Listen, sonny, come over here; I've got your trunks." She removed her hands from behind her back and held up the swimming trunks.

He snatched the trunks and donned them hastily. He was humiliated and angry and confused; so much so, he refused to look at the woman; kept staring at the sand. He attempted to speak, but could not. What could he say? He turned to go.

"Listen, sonny," said the woman. "I'm Marcia Del Rio. I've been watching you every morning. I own that big beach cottage over at Mado's Point."

"Hurrah for you," he managed to say. He still wouldn't look at her.

"Well, look at me, can't you? I'm not going to bite—that is, not for the first few seconds or so, I'm not..." She began to laugh.

This snapped the youth's head up. It was the laugh more than anything—low, lazy and controlled, yet curiously vibrant and compelling. He walked up close and really looked at her. He saw a woman of indeterminate age but certainly of some thirty years. She was tall and beautifully built; slender ankles and long, tapering legs, her hips involute and perhaps a trifle too full for the slim waist that rose into the sharply de-

fined diaphragm she always associated with singers, dancers and athletes. Her breasts were amazing; he couldn't believe his eyes. He stared hard at them, feeling trapped.

"When you're through," she said, slowly and deliberately, "put your eyes back in their sockets, junior."

Shocked, he came even closer, and towering above her, said hotly: "Of all the rotten... listen, get off the beach!"

But his voice trembled and broke as he said it, and then she was laughing again. Yes. Her voice and face were startling to him: the wide crimson slash of mouth contrasted sharply with the even white glisten of her teeth and the singular pallor of her cheeks. Her eyes were long and slanted; they were brown in color and had tiny gold flecks that came and went. And all his life he would remember the hooded predatory gleam in them when she thought (or knew) he was afraid.

"Yes... well, good hunting," he said with an effort, and started to walk away. But she caught him by the arm and dug her nails in.

"So you're the new guard this sea-

---

*Quite often a girl is fired for mistakes she won't make.*

---

son," she laughed, running a tapered finger over his chest and down the other arm. "Muscles," she said. "Torso," she said. "Child of the morning," she said—and suddenly slapped his face. She stepped back, watching him carefully. He did nothing. "Child of the morning," she repeated, and kissed him, biting into his mouth. She laughed again and walked away, and he had stumbled after her... lost.

In one confrontation—actually less than two minutes' time—she had unmasked him. She had sensed immediately that which he had heretofore successfully managed to conceal: that he was an abysmal mental and physical coward—a confused youth masquerading in a man's body. Well, no matter to her; she dored on the type, collecting and discarding with seasonal regularity; it fed her alter ego, replenished her, so to speak.

In the nights with him she had been all fire and fury. She used him shamefully. This same statuesque beauty, so purposeful, composed and seemingly calm during the day, at night turned into one of the de-

mented. Her short wild cries, the groans and shuddering from within the depths of her body, at first frightened then drugged him completely. She taught him the whole alphabet of sensation, the anatomy of pleasure. With him, with this giant of a youth, she recaptured the cold rapture of pure eroticism—wholly uncomplicated (on her part) by any romantic pretense. Sometimes, afterwards, she would lie back and look at him like a great white cat. Then it was that he would plead with her to say she really loved him, and receiving no response, he would curse and yell and weep. To her this was most enjoyable; an added filip.

✓ Their first full night together (his first full night with anyone) was a shattering experience and trapped him forever. It was at her beach cottage in the special basement studio—a small room, the walls of which were festooned with the grotesque imagery of unsuccessful avant-garde sculptors and painters. She gave him brandy, but not too much, and timed its effects shrewdly. Then she had him watch as she disrobed by candlelight, he sitting on the couch, the damned grotesques leering at him from the walls and the brandy swirling in his head. It was a new and strange sensation to him—exquisite, yes, but terribly painful. And at last she had walked slowly towards him and stood there, the warm, perfumed resilience of her belly pressed against his face, taunting him, provoking him, cursing him softly, and forbidding him to move.

He groaned, like the tortured animal he was, kissing her everywhere at random; and the rage to live swelled within her and she pushed him back, flinging herself down violently, shaking as with ague. Abruptly their lips touched, smashed together, clung, and she savaged him again and again and again. Keening the passionate ululations of the damned, she overwhelmed the frightened, half drunk, eager young Colossus with unbelievable inventiveness—all without love and tenderness. And as the night wore on and he became increasingly proficient and compliant, she guided him ever deeper into the morass with animal screams of pleasure.

It had continued in this manner, night after night, for several weeks until, bored with his puerile protestations of undying love; bored with his importunate demands for return of same, she deliberately de-

(continued on page 71)

## THIS MAN READS OUR MAGAZINE !



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*Facts:* The 1962 Consumer Report states that our magazine has a larger concentration of the industrious, money-conscious, young urban male market than any other. Ninety-nine percent of our readers fall into the actively avarice 3-to-103-age bracket...their median relief check is a high \$63.16 a month.



*More Facts:* Our reader is irresistible to women. He is an athletic Adonis who excels at indoor sports.



He averages three-and-one half affairs per week.



He is a bon vivant raconteur... a devil-may-care first nighter who consumes 7.8 bottles of 3.2 beer per day...



*Still More Facts:* Our magazine has more lechers per 100 copies than *any* other magazine in the survey.

## TOPPER'S TELL-TALE TRENDS



Our reader is debonair. He instinctively chooses the right setting for his intimate rendezvous...



yet is versatile enough to take his pleasure wherever he can.

(continued on next page)







and always enjoys the show at his favorite key club.

Then it's off to a gay penthouse party, with a select group, for more of the same.



Our reader sets the pace that others follow... regards the purchase of every suit as a solid investment... and knows the importance of proper attire.



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**Rush Coupon Today...**

**W**HEN THE COFFEE HOUSE CRAZE began to spread capillary-like across the nation, the joke most frequently bandied about went something like this: "What this country needs is a good 50-cent cup of coffee."

The coffee house phenomenon at first mainly affected the imbibing habits of the people — *espresso*, on many fronts, rising to a popularity equalled only today by Metreol. Every coffee house worth its flavor buds had to display a battery of burping, chugging and gurgling espresso machines in plain view of culinary-minded customers or know the wrath of the "beat" and the high-brow alike.

But soon the *demi-tasse* and French pastry was supplemented by Bach, Bock beer and Beethoven. Musical background began to insinuate upon the coffee house habitué — at first through clandestine loudspeakers hidden among the cracks in the plaster, and later by "live" entertainers who sat melancholy in a dimly-lit corner, plucking a hand-carved guitar.

---

## THE SHAPE OF TODAY'S COFFEE HOUSE

---

It was becoming more and more apparent that the slack left by the rapid demise of the nightclub was being taken up by the more casual and less expensive coffee house. Because nightclub owners were forced by high overhead costs, customer apathy and stiff entertainers' tariffs to slam their doors shut, a new crop of bistros sprang up, earmarked by a purposefully deglamorized decor, entertainment that bespoke of stringent budget limitations and, most significantly, an informal atmosphere. The coffee house had come of age in an age that demanded originality above all else.

Now, five years later, the coffee house mania has calmed down to a more level-headed enterprise. When Mike Dutton, proprietor of one of the first coffee houses in the country — *Positano's* on the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu, California — opened his doors, he was vitally concerned with the beatnik uprising — then the center of great attention. "Youngsters," he recalls, "were looking for adult places to hang out. But we



(Middle) The stand-bys of the coffee house. (Above) at Positano's a guest speaker sounds off on the world situation. A nightclub atmosphere is achieved at the Club Renaissance (right), the scene of the slickest of the coffee house transformations.

PHOTOS: JIM SULLIVAN



*Positano's, in Malibu, offers members a wide variety of stimulating reading material (upper photo) aside from the entertaining sounds that emanate from talented musicians*

solved that problem by issuing membership cards for a small sum." Dutton, in fact, is not quite sure what a beatnik is. "The people I know are ambitious, and they care what they do with themselves," says he.

*Positano's* could be considered the prototype of the typical coffee hang-out. A reconverted house perched high on a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, it is hidden behind a plethora of shrubbery and intellectualism. It caters to a class of people (in both mink and cloth coats) who find a need for off-beat diversion in the way of poetry readings, chess, experimental theatre and unusual lectures. On the one hand, Dutton might present a dramatic reading of Carl Sandburg's poetry, and the next week delve into the cerebral, stigmatized worlds of Ionesco or Genet.

As one might guess, *Positano's* is not exactly a business and does not support itself commercially; but, says Dutton, "it is an ideal." The coffee house fad, he claims, has resolved itself into a solid, repetitive clientele, although many tourists find their starry-eyed way from the Sunset Strip down to the Coast Highway and *Positano's*.

Up on the Sunset Strip, the so-called coffee house has taken on other shapes. One such espresso outgrowth is *Via Veneto*, a chic after-show sippery that features exotic beverages, palate-pleasing pastries and hot and cold meals.

Still another offshoot of the coffee house clique is Ben Shapiro's *Club Renaissance*, also founded on The Strip—but with an urge for a financial surge. For years crouched just below the main byway in a rundown edifice, Shapiro has recently moved his headquarters to the old *Cloister*, formerly the *Mocambo*. No longer resembling a coffee house physically, the *Renaissance* still manages to advertise low prices and casual dress.

Right next door to the *Crescendo*, the *Renaissance* must compete with such top-billers as Mott Sahl, Errol Garner or Ella Fitzgerald. But Shapiro holds his own. Featuring the very best in jazz, the *Renaissance* draws overflow crowds whenever Miles Davis, John Coltrane or Horace Silver make a local stand.

And when Lenny Bruce can aim his scatological cannonades at *Renaissance* residents (as he did not too long ago), you can be sure that, not only has this coffee house emerged as an important entertainment center, it has been fitted out in the long pants of big business. ll



#### COFFEE HOUSE MOOD:

From quiet contemplation and conversation at *Positano's* (above)... to the up-beat rhythms of jazz at the *Renaissance* (below).



# W<sup>The</sup> CONWARD

(continued from page 62)

ceived him. He knew it and she knew he knew it. She waited, hopefully, and yet he did nothing.

"All right, you know about it... aren't you going to hit me?"

"Agh-h-h... Marcia."

"It was Sam Hollands... aren't you going to see him about it?"

"Agh-h-h... Marcia."

"Well, it's pretty late. But come in for awhile, sonny—that is, if you'd still like to. I'll—ah—I'll explain everything..."

And in he went. Because he was helpless, drugged... what could he do?

She resolved his futile remonstrances in the usual way. And it seemed to amuse her that oral abuse really bothered him. Cursing no longer had any effect, so she tried a new tack.

"My God, you're impudent!" she said, fending him off.

He admitted it quite willingly.

"Puerile—that's the word for you! A damned over-grown puerile pup!"

Imperceptibly at first, but with increasing frequency as the weeks wore on, her bored, contemptuous expressions hardened into resolution—and it was over. She was utterly tired of him and he knew it; but he was unable to accept it as fact. It being impossible to provoke him into the desired quarrel, she broke it off brutally.

They were in her studio the night it happened. He arrived early, per instructions, and when he got there she was dressed to go out. He had never seen her in evening dress and pumps, her hair done up, pendant earrings, makeup, the works. His throat swelled, his heart pounded, and he told her she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She laughed and told him she hoped Sam Hollands thought so, too; she was going to the Country Club dance with him. Thence she sat down at the piano and began to play—a queer, honky-tonk treble with the right hand; a steady, pounding eight-to-the-bar bass with her left. When she finished playing, she brought her fingers down hard upon the piano keys in a crashing dissonance.

"What was that number, Marcia? You never played that one before."

"It's a classic," she said, rising and going to the door. "It's called *The Yellow Dog Blues*. You ought to know it by heart."

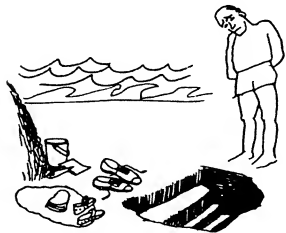
"What do you mean by that?" he said wretchedly.

"Never mind," she said, her strange eyes glowing. "Too much fruit at every meal makes a person ill... run along, sonny. The summer is over—and so are you." She handed him a black velvet case. He opened it and found an expensive looking watch.

"Why—why—some of the older guards wear these," he said, choking.

"Do they now?"

She gazed at him with the comprehending irony of an adult listening to a precocious child. Cocking her head to one side, she gestured towards the door. And so he went.



He walked for hours, plying himself, wondering what to do. He resolved never to see her again. But when the last street lights in the town flickered and went out, there he was, mumbling crazily and waiting for her to come home.

Heavy mist, clinging in droplets to the swaying tree branches, began to spatter the darkened streets with increasing regularity. It changed to a sudden downpour, stilling the reedy chirp of night insects and drumming a muffled tattoo on the macadam surface of North Lane Street, adjacent to the short garden field.

Crouching in the field, the youth arose and buttoned the neck flap of his soaking trenchcoat. Cursing bitterly, he stepped back under the protection of the leafy Nelson grape arbor. But the rain sluiced down through the leaves and clustered grapes and trickled under his collar. He cursed again and changed position. Shielding his left wrist from the drops, he squinted through the darkness at the luminous hands of the new wrist watch.

"Two o'clock," he muttered. "Will they ever come?"

Dimly at first, the headlights of an approaching car pierced the mist; they seemed to be coming from Mado's Point.

Shrinking back, the youth placed himself between the broad trunk of an oak tree and the field. He watched the approaching headlights through the mist and darkness. He tried to merge with the tree, effectively camouflaging himself. His heart beat violently. As the car came near, he breathed with difficulty and felt his throat go tight and dry; he could not seem to swallow.

He set himself in a pugilistic stance and began to bob and weave, shooting short left jabs and hard right crosses into the night. After what he considered to be a particularly vicious right cross, he gazed down at the wet street.

"And how do you like that, Hollands?" he snarled. He drew his foot back and kicked the imaginary Hollands in the face. Feeling a surge of power flowing through his body, the youth stooped and dragged the defenseless man to his feet.

"I'm gonna cockalize the rat," he grunted to an unseen audience. He tilted to the right, glided forward, and came in with a beautiful combination, again dumping his opponent in the street.

Now the rain began to come down in driving sheets, pounding on the leaves and street like the muffled roll of a giant snare drum.

Just then the headlights of a second car pierced the black wall of driving rain. As the car approached the juncture of North Lane Street and Ashford Road, it slowed down and turned up Ashford, finally stopping before a darkened beach cottage—hers.

The youth's heart gave a great leap. He stepped from the protection of the grape arbor and began to make his way across the mucky garden field. He came out on Ashford Road about twenty feet behind the parked car. He stood there in the rain, alternate waves of scalding rage and self-pity shooting through him. He dropped to his knees. Slowly and with infinite caution, he began to creep towards the car. As he came up to it, he raised himself to his feet and peered in through the back window.

The profiles of a man and woman were discernible in the dim light of the dashboard. They were smoking and talking. The man reached into

the glove compartment and took out a bottle and paper cups. The two drank quickly; then the man refilled the paper cups and put the bottle back in the compartment. They drank again and, opening a window, threw away their half-smoked cigarettes. The man drew the woman to him and began to kiss her avidly. The woman threw her arms about his neck and began to moan. The man appeared to fumble with the woman's evening cloak; he pressed his lips to her bare shoulders and throat.

"You dirty bitch!" said the youth. He reached through the partially

opened window and slapped the woman's face. He liked the feeling, so he did it again and again. But something began to die inside of him, and little fingers of fear danced through his stomach as the man climbed out from behind the wheel, walked around the car hood and confronted him.

Recognizing the towering youth at close range, the man spoke over his shoulder to the woman still within the car.

"Stay there, Marcia," he said, removing his evening jacket. "It's only the kid; it's Bronco." He walked forward.

"Hey wait... wait... listen now! ... The youth, sick with fear, backed away. "Forget this ever happened."

"Put up your hands," was the contemptuous rejoinder.

"I can't, I can't!" cried the youth, desperately. "Listen—I'm too big... Want me to kill you or something?"

His pleadings were stopped short by a smashing right cross, flush to the mouth. Although the blow split his lips, actually it had no adverse physical effect on the youth. None. All the same, he fell down, writhing, and the man stood over him.

"Get up, you big horse," said the man, speaking in a low, tight voice. "Come on, get up, peeper."

But the youth would not. He refused to move, seemed frozen to the street. He lay there with the salt taste of blood from his smashed lips flowing into his mouth. Like most cowards, he was possessed of a psychological block in his thinking processes — an unreasoning, abnormal dread of the physical pain and possible crippling effects he might one day encounter in a fight. He had avoided it for years. Because of his tremendous size and muscular development, few males would risk taking him on. The fact is, the youth had never been struck in anger by any male opponent. Now that it had actually happened, he lay there, trembling, whimpering, waiting for the dreaded pain to strike.

But there was no pain. Save for numbness and a vague discomfort, there was no pain—nothing. In the few seconds it took for this incredible fact to register in the youth's brain, a curious metamorphosis took place.

Driving the fear and uncertainty and immaturity into the night, a mighty surge of relief flooded the youth's loins, spread through his body and limbs, flowed rapidly to his clenched fingers. Recognizing it for what it was, he still lay there, unable to grasp wholly that it was ac-

tually happening to him. But then he *knew*—and for the first time in months he began to smile.

The woman flicked on the head lights, got out of the car and came over to where the youth lay in the wet cold street.

"Get up, you cowardly son-of-a-bitch!" she hissed, the words forcing themselves through her clenched teeth. "You... you... aagh! you defy description..."

The youth did not answer, but laid there in the street, smiling. Presently, he laughed aloud.

The woman couldn't believe her ears; but when he laughed again, she stooped swiftly, removed one slipper and hit him in the face. Her companion caught her by the arm and dragged her away.

"No sense in that, Marcia," said the man.

"No," said the youth in an odd voice. "No sense in that, Marcia." He came to his feet, uncoiling with the speed and smoothness of a striking mamba. He glided forward, hipped the woman aside, and set himself. Despite the rain of blows descending upon his face and shoulders, he smashed the man to the pavement with one sickening punch.

"Oh!" said the woman in an amazed voice. "Oh!..."

"Take care of your boy," he said. "I hit him pretty hard. Wouldn't surprise me if his jaw was gone."

But the woman disregarded the unconscious man completely. To her he wasn't there. Not now! He was nothing. She ran at the youth, threw her arms about his neck. She trembled and her voice shook uncontrollably.

"Oh!... oh!... oh!" she kept saying. "I never knew, sonny, I never knew..."

"That's not my name," said the youth, staring down at her. "My name is Bronco—Bronco Lewis."

"Yes, yes, anything!... Oh, talk to me, talk to me... No, don't pull away... It'll be different now; really it will... I..."

The youth unclasped her arms and walked away, the million, random, searching things that are rain beating down into his face.

"Please, Bronco," cried the woman, running after him, clutching at him, using the two words she had never used with him before. "Please, Bronco."

"No," the youth said, without breaking stride or even turning his head, "because I don't need you any more, Marcia..."

And he didn't, either. **■**

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Talking To

Dear Topper:

Re: "Today's Collegian" (Topper, Nov.) as an independent I must take issue with author Sher when he says that as an independent I "find the pick-in's slim and my evenings dull." That's a pretty broad statement. Leave us be realistic. Six percent is no veritable monopoly.

The fraternity man is often hindered in his choice of dates by the suggestion that he should take out primarily those females who are associated with a sorority. It is one of the independent's greatest pleasures to steal a sorority girl right out from under the fraternity men's noses.

As for my evenings being dull, I have two things in my favor: First, the fraternity says take it easy on the girls—the word may get around. Secondly, girls get tired of the same fraternity line.

Thanks anyway, but I like my fun quietly...

Kern Osterstock  
Portuguese Bend, Calif.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Reader Osterstock has read the wrong conclusion into the survey cited in Sher's article. The six per cent referred to is the percentage of frat men who said they had no dates. This compared to 18 per cent for the independent students. You may not find your evenings dull, Kern, but look

around you—there are a good many poll-takers left in the lurch!)

Dear Topper:

Enclosed find \$5.00. Please send me the next 12 issues of TOPPER starting with the next issue. I enjoy TOPPER very much.

Kenneth Klosheim  
Syracuse, N.Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: And still more readers are discovering the TOPPER new look. Thank you, gentlemen!)

Dear Topper:

Your November issue of TOPPER was great. The girl in the centerfold is a knock-out. However, you fail to mention her name, her vital statistics and where she hails from. Please give her name, etc. She will adorn the place of honor on my bedroom wall.

John DuBer  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Topper:

First, let me say 'TOPPER is great'. Being an avid amateur photographer, I visited the photographic exhibit (world's largest) at the Los Angeles County Fair, and was pleasantly surprised to see that the beautiful color illustration used in your story on pipes (TOPPER, Dec.) was awarded a bronze medal in the commercial photography division. Thought you might like to know this.

Keep up the great book.

David Field  
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Dear Topper:

Read my first issue (and not my last) of TOPPER recently.

I discovered a smooth content, which other men's magazines fail to achieve.

Also, the layout on Julie Renfro (Topper, Nov.) was tremendous. This gal has it.

W. H. Martin  
Los Angeles, Calif

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